

From Bentley's Miscellany.

LYCANTHROPY IN LONDON; OR THE
WEHR-WOLF OF WILTON-
CRESCENT.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

L.

MODERN honeymoons—as I lately had occasion to observe—are of very short duration.—In repeating the remark, however, I do not mean to impugn the faith or affection of either man or woman, but simply to state a fact with reference to the time which is now generally devoted to the "month"—as it is called—of sweetness, and which rarely exceeds a week or ten days—nay, is often very much less.

Of this class, at all events, was the honeymoon of Mr. and Mrs. Beaufort Fitz-Poodle, who were married about the end of last October, and did not set out on a continental tour or migrate farther than Reigate, where they only remained three days, and then returned to town to take possession of their new house in Wilton-crescent.

The locality of their future residence had been the subject of much amicable discussion between Mr. and Mrs. Beaufort Fitz-Poodle, while they were lovers only. The lady liked this quarter because it was fashionable, because she had friends there, and because, if she had any leaning *from* the Established Church (which she denied as strenuously as if she wore a mitre,) it was rather in favor of the sect known as "The Decorative Christians." The gentleman also acknowledged his predilection for Belgravia "on account," he said—and his words were remembered—"of its being almost in the country, while it was, in point of fact, in the very middle of town." When so much unanimity existed, all that remained was to find a suitable house, and this anybody may have in London at the very shortest notice, provided there be no objection to pay for the accommodation. Now Mr. Beaufort Fitz-Poodle had plenty of money, and—singularly enough—was liberal in the use of it, so the question of rent, with all its concomitants, was soon disposed of, and Wilton-crescent rejoiced in another important addition to its respectability.

There are some people who take the greatest delight in furnishing their houses themselves, and leave nothing but the supply to the upholsterers. Mrs. Fitz-Poodle was a lady whose tendencies inclined that way—I have said something to this effect already—and it was in a great degree owing to her desire to indulge her taste for decoration that the wedding tour

was so greatly abbreviated. Had Mr. Fitz-Poodle's wishes been alone consulted, I believe he would have postponed their return until the leaves were quite off the trees, for—as he made no scruple of saying—he was passionately fond of the country; but, whatever were his own inclinations, like a good husband—as I think he was, notwithstanding what others have said—he sacrificed them to his wife's fantasy, and abandoned the downs of Reigate for the level of Belgravia, apparently, without a sigh.

Mrs. Fitz-Poodle was speedily in her element amid damask curtains, Aubusson carpets, tapestried portières, carved chairs (including a *Prie-Dieu* of exquisite workmanship, for her *boudoir*,) buhl cabinets, marqueterie tables, encaustic tiles, India mattings, and all the requisite paraphernalia for the ornamentation and convenience of her *ménage*. Being thus engaged, the dulness of November was unheeded, her only regret arising from the difficulty of obtaining more than two hours of positive daylight in each of the twenty-four for the proper selection of patterns. Neither were the long evenings a bore, though nobody was in town, for what she bought during the day supplied her with plenty of occupation in examining and arranging at night.

With Mr. Fitz-Poodle the case was not exactly the same. He was pleased, as most men are, to see his house well furnished, but he had no great genius for domestic embellishment, neither did he revel—as it were—in Pankibanons and Pantechicons, as if the only real good in life was household furniture. Still in compliance with his wife's wishes, he accompanied her, for a whole fortnight at least, in her daily drives about town in search of objects of luxury and *virtù*, but at the expiration of that time he began to tire of this kind of *chasse*, and would willingly have exchanged it for more legitimate sport at the cover's side. But it was too soon to announce that desire: he must give up his hunting and shooting this year—that he knew—but before the next season came round—thus he mused, after dinner, while Mrs. Fitz-Poodle was testing by a bright light the comparative brilliancy of striped satins and figured silks—he would have a snug box in a good sporting country, and take a little of what he called pleasure at that time of the year. The partner of his bosom would also, he thought, have had enough of her present occupation long before then, so with this prospect in view he submitted to the existing privation. As he did not, however, intend to pass the whole of the inter-

val in upholstery warehouses and china-shops, he cast about for some plausible device to release him from a constant attendance which—I must confess the truth—in spite of his wife's great personal attractions, began to be a little irksome.

Having alluded to the beauty of Mrs. Fitz-Poodle, I may as well pause in my story for a moment to describe it. In the gallery of the Luxembourg in Paris, there is, or was a few years ago, a small picture of Sainte Geneviève, seated on a mound in a flowery meadow, with her distaff in her hand, guarding a flock of sheep. She is represented as exquisitely fair, with eyes of that clear but decided blue which you see on the corolla of the *Myosotis*, and with long-flowing hair, between flaxen and brown, on which a ray of sunshine seems to linger. Her features are small and faultless in expression—that is to say, if placidity be what you like best in the female countenance; and supposing the features to be the index of the mind, it is as well to marry a woman with that expression. You may be beaten off your guard more suddenly, be more madly entranced—if you choose to suppose so—by a dark-haired brunette with damask cheek and flashing eyes, but the probability is that, at the end of three months, you will not be quite so much your own master as if you had wedded a *blonde*. I say “the probability,” because, after all, calculations based on physiognomy alone are not absolute certainties, and I have known two or three fair ones who had wills of their own, and did not refrain from exercising them. To return, however, to the Sainte Geneviève of the Luxembourg. She was as like Mrs. Fitz-Poodle as one lily resembles another, with this advantage in favor of the mortal, that she was not ideal. On the other hand, to avoid the charge of exaggeration, I will say that the canonized wife of Clovis had, in a moral point of view, a slight advantage over Mrs. Beaufort Fitz-Poodle, who, though very near it, was not *quite* a saint. I presume it was on account of the likeness he fancied he saw between the two, that when Mr. Beaufort Fitz-Poodle was in Paris last spring, being already engaged, he had a copy made of the Luxembourg picture which he afterwards gave to his bride, who, the first thing she did when she went to Wilton-crescent, hung it up in her *boudoir*.

It is of little consequence, provided a man be not depressingly hideous, whether he is handsome or plain; some of the cleverest fellows of the present day are about the ugliest, and I need not go further than the House of Commons—that the Treasury bench, in particular—to prove what I say; although if I were in want of something more than mere cleverness, it is certainly not there I should go to seek for it. Male beauty then being quite a

secondary consideration in comparison with mental charms, it is only because I want a companion-portrait to that of Mrs. Beaufort Fitz-Poodle that I trace the lineaments of her spouse. Indeed, if I had been confined to those whom the world calls “good-looking,” this second sketch would not have been attempted, for he had no claim to the distinction. It is very possible, even under these circumstances, that I might have fitted him also with a Dromio in the shape of a saint; but perhaps the selection would have been invidious. I shall, therefore, simply say that he was a tall, spare, long-limbed, wiry kind of man, with hard, angular features, a sharp nose, what is called “a mouth full of teeth,” small searching eyes obliquely set in his head, harsh, sandy eyebrows, strong iron-gray hair which no persuasion (or tongs) could induce to curl; and that the only personal folly in which he indulged was the cultivation of a considerable quantity of yellowish beard and whiskers, which met under his chin. I can scarcely think it was vanity—though it might have been—which made him sit to Mayall for a daguerreotype; but he paid that excellent artist a visit a few days before his marriage, and we need not say that the resemblance was second nature. It is probable that, had it been less like and rather more flattering, Mrs. Fitz-Poodle would have been better pleased with the portrait. However, she accepted the present very philosophically, and seldom opened the case to look at it. “It was of no use doing so,” she said, “when the other was always there.”

Always!—If it had been so!—However, I will not anticipate.

I have adverted already to the period of the year when the furnishing-excitement of Mrs. Fitz-Poodle was in full flow, and the delight of her husband in being compelled to witness it rather on the ebb. Dreams, although we disbelieve in them as portents—we wise ones—have still some influence over our waking thoughts. If the vision of the night has been cheerful, serenity sits on our brow next day; if gloomy, we are not; perhaps, such very pleasant companions as usual. If conscience depends upon digestion, as many imagine, dreams may have something to do with temper. The complex machine called MAN is not so well put together as to be always in perfect order. I will therefore ascribe to a dream—in which looking-glasses, chairs and tables, sofa-pillows, footstools, door-mats, window-blinds, wardrobes, washing-stands, and upholsterers' men played very conspicuous but very confused and contradictory parts beneath the *pia mater* of Mr. Fitz-Poodle one night,—the sense of unwillingness which he felt on the following morning—it was, to the best of my belief, on the 20th of November—to accompany his wife to Messrs. Jehoshaphat Brothers in Bond-street,

to choose a small gold-and-white cabinet, there being some there, "such loves of things," just arrived from Paris. There might have been some other reason — it is so ungracious to expose all a person's motives — but, at any rate, I shall imagine it was a dream that made him say, when the prototype of Saint Geneviève had just finished her description of the cabinets, which she had only just had a glimpse of, "I am very much afraid, my love, that I can't go with you to-day."

"Not go with me, Beaufort!" exclaimed the Belgravian Saint: "why, what have you got to do?"

"To do?" asked Beaufort, using iteration in his turn, in the absence of a more direct reply, which was not quite ready.

"Yes: what prevents you from going?"

"Why, the fact is,—this was said with hesitation, the dream, I dare say, still bothering him—"the fact is, I have another engagement."

"You did not mention it last night, when I first spoke to you about the cabinet."

"I did not recollect it then; but happening to see the day of the month, over the chimney-piece there, I was reminded that this was the first meeting of our council for the season, when there is always a good deal to do."

"Council? what council?"

"The council of my society."

"I did not know you belonged to any society. I thought those things were always given up when gentlemen married!"

"Not the scientific ones, Eliza," said Beaufort, smiling. "The Botanical, for instance, is quite a ladies' society; so is mine."

"And which is yours?"

"Oh, the Zoological." Here he became more animated. "I shall take a double subscription this year, for we expect a good many rare animals, and you can oblige more friends on the Sunday afternoon. The meeting to-day will be interesting — the first of the season always is — we generally get letters from our agents at a distance respecting fresh purchases. We expect a *Mydaus meliceps*, that is, a Java polecat; by-the-by, it is one of the most vulgar-looking animals in existence; then we are to have a *Galago Moholi*, one of the *Lemuridae*, from the Limpopo river in South Africa; — a *Wombat* from Port Jackson; — and a *Dumba*, or four-horned sheep, from Nepaul, which I am exceedingly anxious to see."

"It does not appear to me," observed the saintly Geneviève's likeness, with something in her tone not quite so heavenly as the expression of her celestial eyes — when tranquil — "it does not appear to me, Beaufort, that your expectations are raised particularly high. Vulgar-looking polecats and bats and sheep seem to me not so *very* attractive."

"I can assure you, Eliza, you are mistaken.

That polecat now is a perfect *desideratum*. The *Wombat* — it is not a bat, my love, nothing of the sort, but a *Marsupian*, its scientific name is *Phascolomys* — well, the *Wombat* is a very desirable animal — we have not had one these twenty years. And as for the *Dumba*, if we get that, we shall be very fortunate. Every breed of sheep is a subject of interest, not only to the man of science, but to the agriculturist, the manufacturer, and the general consumer. We can't introduce varieties enough. I am amazingly fond of all kinds of sheep, and whenever we live in the country, I shall certainly kill my own mutton."

"Very well, Beaufort. I had no idea of disparaging your collection, only the things you named seemed common enough to me. But then I am not *at all* scientific — and, indeed, until now, I didn't know that *you* were."

"Neither am I, Eliza. I just know a little. Enough to interest me in the subject. Nothing more."

"I like *beautiful* animals," said the lady, "though, perhaps, I can't call them all by their right names —"

"By-the-by," interrupted her husband, desirous of giving a turn to the conversation, "I have had a note from Wimbush about a pair of carriage-horses; he tells me that *they* are just what I think you will like: magnificent steppers, just the same color, height, and action, a perfect match. I must look in there, too. If they answer the description he gives, I shall not stand out about the price."

It was Mrs. Fitz-Poodle's turn now to smile, and she did so very sweetly, looking more like Sainte Geneviève than ever; the "magnificent steppers" had reconciled her to the solitary drive. But before she went out, she wrote a letter to her cousin, Adela Cunningham, whom she shortly expected from Devonshire on a visit; and, as that young lady was in her perfect confidence, she mentioned — incidentally — that Mr. Fitz-Poodle was gone to attend a meeting of the Zoological Council, and that she was, "for the first time since her wedding-day — *alone!*"

II.

In marriage, as in miracles, *ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte*. Having once broken the ice about engagements that must be kept, Mr. Fitz-Poodle found no difficulty in discovering what they were, or, at all events, in announcing their existence. Not that he was in the slightest degree tired of the constant society of his beautiful wife, but, he argued, when she is so entirely absorbed in things that I don't care about, it can't make much difference to her whether I am always at her side or not. The Zoological Society had proved so very

good a card that he made it his regular *cheval de bataille*; when once they began it seemed as if the meetings in Hanover-square were continually taking place, and if Mr. Fitz-Poodle attended all he named, and worked on the council as assiduously as he said he did, it must clearly have been only want of capacity that prevented him from rivalling the scientific fame of Professor Owen. You must observe, that I am far from saying he did *not* attend; only I agree with his wife in thinking that it was—to say the least of it—rather extraordinary he should suddenly manifest so strong an inclination for a pursuit of which he had never even spoken before they were married.

If the lady brooded over this thought rather oftener than wisdom would have counselled—for her husband did not make her a propitiatory *cadeau* every time he kept an “engagement”—it is possible its more frequent recurrence to her mind was owing to the intimacy of her correspondence with Adela Cunningham, who, in the true spirit of feminine friendship, threw out a number of suggestive ideas which did not much improve the original aspect of the question.

As we shall presently make the acquaintance of that charming “*jeune personne*,” it may not be amiss to say something about her beforehand.

Adela Cunningham and Eliza Coryton had been brought up in Devonshire together, at the house of Adela’s mother, the parents of Eliza having died while she was still an infant, leaving her a very sufficient fortune. Like Hermia and Helena, they had “grown together,” and if their occupations were not precisely the same as those of the Athenian maidens, if the Devonshire damsels did not “sit on one cushion,” creating “both one flower, both on one sampler,” it was merely because samplers have become obsolete, and modern young ladies occupy themselves in a different way. In other respects the parallel held better, their studies and amusements being for the most part alike. In one thing, however, they differed. Adela was fonder of reading than her cousin, and the books she preferred were those which most excited her imagination. She eagerly devoured every work that fell in her way of which the theme was supernatural, and a large library, in which there were many rare and curious volumes (the late Mr. Cunningham, her father, having been an unsparing collector), afforded her, when she could steal there unknown to her mother, who was a very matter-of-fact sort of person, a great deal of delightful, because prohibited entertainment. To a certain extent Eliza shared in Adela’s discoveries. The more energetic and passionate nature of Adela gave her considerable influence over the yielding character of Eliza,

who, without equal courage to speculate as wildly, was equally prone to superstition, and the consequence was, that when Adela abandoned her mind to any new or singular idea, she impressed it sooner or later on that of her cousin. For instance, in the matter of religious worship, it was Adela who first inspired Eliza with admiration for the candlesticks and credence-tables of the Decorative Christians, and had the former changed her religion entirely, instead of stopping half-way, there is no doubt that the latter would have followed her example. If Adela had resolved on becoming a nun, the same day would have seen Eliza take the veil.

Circumstances, however, separated the cousins at rather a critical moment, family affairs obliging Miss Coryton to take up her residence for a time with a paternal uncle in London, and it was during the period of their arrangement that Mr. Beaufort-Fitz-Poodle—(he had taken the latter name for an estate, as you or I would do to-morrow)—fell in love with her, and she put on a Brussels lace veil instead of a conventional one. An illness had prevented Adela from being present at her cousin’s marriage, but she was recovering fast at the time I first alluded to her, and about the middle of December was able to come to town, “her own room”—as Eliza wrote to say—being quite ready to receive her.

The meeting between the cousins was most affectionate, for they had been separated more than a twelvemonth, and though letters had passed between them at least twice a week, there were still thousands of those things to say that are never put down on paper. As it so happened that Mr. Fitz-Poodle was absent from home when Miss Cunningham arrived in Wilton-crescent, the interval until it was time to dress for dinner was fully occupied in the discussion of confidential matters. Eliza’s marriage was, of course, the principal theme for Adela’s questioning: when she first saw him, whether he fell in love at first sight, how it came to pass altogether, what he really *was* like, whether she thought she should be *perfectly* happy, and so forth, repetitions all of them, and all previously answered, but asked and replied to now with all the effect of novelty. *Les affaires de ménage* came next on the *tapas*, and Mrs. Fitz-Poodle promised herself much pleasure in showing her cousin all the domestic arrangements she had made, not that they were by any means complete, “for,” observed Eliza, “you have no idea, until you begin, what an immense deal of time it takes to fit up a house properly; and you know, Adela, I have it all to myself, for Beaufort, as I think I told you, does not go with me now to the different shops and places so regularly as he did at first.”

“I remember perfectly well, Eliza,” replied

Miss Cunningham; "he attends scientific meetings and things of that sort. However, men's tastes are sometimes very different from ours; they have occupations, too, which we take no interest in; so, before I pronounce any opinion on this subject, I shall judge from my own observation. I have been studying Lavater a great deal more than ever, and I don't think I can be deceived now by any one's physiognomy."

This little grievance apart, Eliza confessed that she had nothing in the world to complain of; on the contrary, Beaufort did everything he could to make her happy; he was very generous, refused her nothing she expressed a wish for, and was always contriving some agreeable surprise. "It was only yesterday morning," she said, "that I was admiring a beautiful little Dresden china clock, which I thought Mrs. Jehoshaphat asked too much money for—though I meant to have had it, and went in the course of the day to tell her so, but when I got there it was gone—a gentleman, she said, had come in, paid the price she put upon it, and taken it away in a common cab; well, I was a good deal disappointed and could almost have cried, it was such a darling little dear, and, what do you think, when I came home, the first thing I saw on my dressing-table was the identical clock. Beaufort had never uttered a syllable about what he meant to do, but went at once and bought it."

"That," observed Adela, "is, I admit, a very fine trait of character; but, after all, it may be only the result of a particular idiosyncrasy."

"Ah, but I can tell you of something that proves he is not always following his own inclination, but acting contrary to it. It is a curious fact that Beaufort does not appear to be fond of dogs, although he is, I believe, a great sportsman. They are useful to him in the field, and that, I fancy, is all he cares about them. In the house I am sure he can't endure them, for he as much as said so one day. Well, I was reading an old advertisement in the *Times* the other morning, just after he had bought the pair of carriage-horses I told you of. It was about some Dalmatian dogs, which the advertiser said were 'as beautifully spotted as leopards, gracefully formed, with the spring or action of little tigers, as playful as lambs, and most sagacious,' adding, rather absurdly, that they were 'an ornament for ladies or gentlemen.' I was amused by the description, and just said I supposed the way the ornament should be worn was behind the carriage. Beaufort said nothing, only smiled in a peculiar way he has, but he wrote into Yorkshire, where the dogs were to be obtained, and three days afterwards, when the coachman brought the carriage round, there

was the prettiest Dalmatian you ever saw in your life, with my name on his collar!"

I think most people will agree with me that these things—notwithstanding Miss Cunningham's philosophical conjecture—showed Beaufort Fitz-Poodle to be a very good-natured fellow, and fully bore out the general character given him by his wife. Judgment, however, had yet to be passed upon him by a more critical arbiter.

III.

If a warm, perhaps some might have called it an eager, welcome, awaited Adela Cunningham, that circumstance was not likely to operate unfavorably against the person who offered it, for in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, attentions paid to ourselves outweigh all other considerations. But the hundredth case, in this instance, was that which concerned Mr. Fitz-Poodle. Miss Cunningham was not at all insensible to the kindness of his demonstrations, and had she not relied upon her fatal skill in physiognomy, all would have gone as her cousin, or her cousin's husband, desired. But that Helvetian prig, Lavater, had so inoculated her with the infallibility of his rules, that a moral dissection would have failed to overthrow her impressions, which were always rapid, and you may, therefore, guess how fairly made. With such physiognomists a single obnoxious feature very often mars the effect of all the rest. Now Mr. Fitz-Poodle had nothing in his face that you could admire, and several points were decidedly objectionable. His sharp nose, his small eyes, his sandy eyebrows, his large teeth, his wiry hair, and his yellow whiskers, were severally objects of dislike to Miss Cunningham—particularly those last named—and, taken in combination, she thought them detestable. It was her custom, after setting down every departure from her standard of beauty at its very lowest moral value, to compare the individual whom she scrutinized to one or other of the inferior animals. The comparison she made on this occasion was not flattering to the party concerned.

"Very like a wolf!" was her silent remark. "I must observe his habits."

People who have a fixed idea always contrive to make everything square with it. Mr. Fitz-Poodle was blest with a very good appetite—that told against him. He ate fast, or, as she phrased it, voraciously; another *item, per contra*. Then, she noticed, he had a decided predilection for mutton; he preferred *côtelettes en papillote* to *ris de veau, rognons au vin de champagne* to *rissolés*, and declared, as he carved a haunch of Southdown, that he thought it immeasurably superior to venison. Now you or I might have avowed similar pre-

ferences in the hearing of Miss Adela Cunningham, and yet her conclusions would have been wholly different, because, having made up her mind in the first instance that Mr. Fitz-Poodle resembled a wolf, she was only alive to illustrations that tended to support her theory. After dinner it was the same ; instead of sitting quietly round the fire, he was restless, and, according to her view of the matter, " prowled" about the drawing-room, though, poor fellow, it was only in his anxiety to show her a number of pretty *objets* belonging to her cousin that lay on different tables. Then, again, when Eliza played and sang "While gazing on the moon's light," he struck up the most discordant noise that ever was heard, not by way of *refrain*, that Adela was convinced of, but from an impulse of uncontrollable antagonism to the lunar orb, from which she drew another inference. At last, when he sat quiet in an easy chair, his *lair*, she mentally called it, she watched his face as he silently looked with a pleased expression at his pretty wife, and detected in his twinkling eyes and the upturned corners of his wide mouth a resemblance "really painful to think of."

"How do you like Adela?" asked Mrs. Fitz-Poodle of her husband when they went up-stairs.

"A very handsome girl," was his reply, "though with rather a strange, dreamy expression in those large eyes of hers."

"But what do you think of her in other respects!"

"Really I can hardly tell : she spoke so little that I can form no estimate of her powers of mind. To judge only by her silence, I should say she was very reserved ; but then, on the other hand, she seems to listen so attentively, to watch—as it were—for everything that falls from one's lips, that I am inclined to think she could speak if she chose ; whether to the purpose or beside it must be determined hereafter."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Fitz-Poodle, smiling, "I thought Adela would puzzle you ! Now, I'll let you into a little secret. She has been studying you all the evening. She is a wonderful physiognomist : her skill in detecting character is something quite extraordinary."

"Well, I gave her a long sitting this evening, for every time I looked at her I observed her eyes were fixed upon me. The likeness ought to be a good one ; I hope it will be flattering."

"You may depend upon this, Beaufort : it will be perfectly true. I never knew Adela make a mistake of this kind in her life. I really most implicitly on her judgment."

"An additional reason, dearest, for me to desire her favorable opinion."

"Oh, I did not mean that, Beaufort. Nothing, you know, can shake my faith in you !"

As "the bird in the cage" pursued Yorick till the image assumed its most expressive form, so it happened with Adela Cunningham when she reached her own room and was left alone. The little *lupine* traits with which she had begun to invest the disposition of Mr. Fitz-Poodle, wore larger and more decisive proportions the longer she dwelt upon them. I have said that her course of reading had been desultory, and directed almost entirely by her inclination towards the marvellous. Old French editions of such authors as Bodin, Cornelius Agrippa, Wierius, Vincent and Finchel, were amongst the volumes in the late Mr. Cunningham's curiously-assorted library, and so completely was Adela imbued with the spirit in which these worthies wrote, that there was little related by them which she did not receive for truth. Everything in nature, she argued to herself, returns in one round, at longer or shorter intervals ; what once has been, may, assuredly, be again ; certain epidemical diseases which, to all appearance, have been extinct for centuries, suddenly return in their old destructive shape, none can tell why or how. If this be the case in the physical, why not in the moral world ? The mind of man is no less subject to disease than the body : the same bad desires that actuated people centuries ago may spring up again, and with those desires the means of carrying them into effect. That there were, not more than forty years since, such beings as Vampires, Adela knew (from the Notes to the *Giaour*), and if they existed, what was to prevent other beings equally fearful from existing also ? Had she not read in Wierius the famous process which took place at Besançon in the year 1571, before the inquisitor Borin, when Pierre Burgot and Michel Verdun confessed themselves to be *loups-garous*, acknowledging that they had danced before the Evil One, each with a green wax candle in his hand, had been anointed with a certain salve, and were straightway transformed into wolves and endowed with incredible swiftness ? Did not Peter Marmot say that he had frequently witnessed the changes of men into wolves in Savoy ? Was there not at Padua, a place famous at all times for magic as well as for classical learning, a *well-known* lycanthropist, who, being pursued by men on horseback while in his transformed shape, was caught and had his paws cut off, and when he recovered his natural form did he not crawl about the streets of Padua a mutilated cripple, without either hands or feet ? Adela's memory teemed with similar instances, all proved by the most competent witnesses, many of whom were the parties themselves. Such being the *fact*—and

she trembled to think of it—what was to hinder people, if they were so minded; from becoming *wehr-wolves* in the nineteenth century as well as in the fifteenth? We had gone back lately to many of the customs of our ancestors, and this practice was just as likely to be revived as any other. Did not almost every man you met in society own that he was completely *blase*, that he wanted a new excitement, something to happen to him that had never occurred before—and why should not Mr. Fitz-Poodle be one of these men? Her cousin's peace of mind, so she went on—not very logically—to argue, was at stake in the matter, and she resolved to leave no stone unturned until her suspicions were either confirmed or altogether disproved.

I have already adverted to the arbitrary influence of past events over our dreams: sometimes the subject most occupies them that has been latest in our waking thoughts—sometimes our imaginations are at work, in sleep, upon things for years forgotten. In Adela's case, the idea that Mr. Beaufort Poodle might be a *wehr-wolf* became, in the visions of the night an absolute certainty. He appeared to her then with all his fell nature fully developed: she saw him in wolfish guise with a long swinging tail, careering after the sheep in the Green Park, hunting down his victims, swinging them over his shoulder, leaping the iron railings, defying the gatekeeper in the most violent language (as wolves—in dreams—are in the habit of doing), and galloping into the drawing-room at Wilton-crescent, where, casting his prey on the carpet, he mangled it in the most furious manner, howling all the while a hideous song, the words of which she recognized as German; anon he paused, and, addressing his wife, who did not seem at all disturbed by the scene, requested her, in the gentlest accents to play while he danced a polka with Miss Cunningham; and under some inexplicable fascination she found herself clasped round the waist by one gory paw, while the other waved in the air the fragments of what he called—and she literally laughed in her dream at his words—a *gigot au naturel*; suddenly the Dalmatian dog rushed into the room barking violently, but the sounds he uttered resembled the tones of a church-bell—Mr. Fitz-Poodle relinquished his grasp, turned fiercely on the dog which continued to bark, and—Adela awoke, the *pendule* on the chimneypiece striking twelve. She slept again, and again she dreamt of her host “more or less of a wolf,” as she said to herself, all the night through.

With a mind predisposed to certain conclusions before she went to bed, and haunted in her sleep by the same notions, outrageously exaggerated, it was no wonder when she went

down to breakfast that her cousin told her she was not looking well, and that Mr. Fitz-Poodle feared she had passed a bad night. He shook hands with her cordially as he spoke, but the squeeze he gave was very faintly returned; indeed, it was all she could do to suppress a shudder, at his touch; she controlled her emotion, however, and sat down. During breakfast, on hospitable designs intent, he pressed her to taste a variety of nice things with which the table was covered, but the recollection of that *gigot* had completely taken away her appetite; neither did she seem more disposed to talk than to eat, and Mr. Fitz-Poodle began to think he had some up-hill work before him. However, he good-naturedly persevered in the endeavor to entertain his guest until the *Times* was brought in, and then, like every other husband and host in the kingdom, he gave his mind to public affairs, and the ladies withdrew to discuss and arrange theirs.

The same question which Mrs. Fitz-Poodle had put to her husband the night before, she now asked of her cousin. What did she think of him?

“I would rather,” answered Adela—“I would much rather not give any opinion.”

This was exactly the way to make Mrs. Fitz-Poodle still more anxious to obtain it.

“You need not be afraid, Adela, of saying how much you admire him. I shall not be the least jealous!”

“I should imagine not,” returned Miss Cunningham, very gravely.

“Good gracious, Adela! what do you mean?” exclaimed her cousin, almost ready to cry.

“Simply that I have not fallen in love with your husband.”

“Ah, but I am sure you mean something else. What is it you *don't* like him for?”

“I never said I did not like him.”

“No, but you looked as if you thought so.—And now I recollect, you did not speak to him all breakfast-time, except just to say ‘Yes’ or ‘No.’ Oh, Adela, *do* tell me!”

“Eliza,” said Miss Cunningham in a mysterious tone, “listen to me quietly: I don't pretend to be infallible; none of us are so; but I am not, as you are aware, without penetration. I hope and trust that Mr. Fitz-Poodle may be all your fancy pictures him, but appearances, I grieve to remark, are greatly against him. I am desirous, however, of studying him still closer before I deliver my verdict and on that account I should prefer not to say anything at present.”

“Oh, this is worse than if you said he was ever so bad. Is there anybody else, do you think, that he—was he ever engaged to—oh, pray what is it, Adela?” And Mrs. Fitz-Poodle, unable to restrain her feelings any longer, fairly burst into tears.

"You must not cry, Eliza," said Miss Cunningham, soothingly; "it may not, after all, be what my fears imagine."

"I ho-o-o-pe n-n-o-o-t," sobbed Mrs. Fitz-Poodle; though what her cousin really feared she had not the least idea.

"Now, answer me one or two questions, dear!"

"Ye-e-e-s,—if—I—ca-a-n."

"Do you remember the day of the month when he went out by himself that first time?"

"Oh ye-e-a. It was the twe-e-en-tieth of No-vember."

"You have the Gregorian calendar, I think! Is that it on the prie-dieu? Give it me, dear. The 8th, I know, is the 'Holy Relics'—the 11th, 'St. Martin,'—what is the 20th?—Let me see." She ran her finger down the column, glanced at the saint's day, and closed the book. "This is, indeed, remarkable," she said.—"The 20th is the day of *St. Loup!*"

"What is there remarkable in that?" asked Eliza, innocently.

"Poor dear!" said Adela, in an under tone; "it may be as well not to tell her just yet."

"And where did he say he was going to?"

"To a meeting of the Council of the Zoological Society."

"Zoological, indeed! Well?"

"What, Adela, have you any doubt about his having attended the council?"

"None in the world, dear. My firm impression is that he *did* go."

"Oh, I'm so glad! Then you don't think he went to see—anybody—that is to say any *former*—acquaintance?"

"Um! Not in the way you mean. It's not at all unlikely he met with some old friends that day. How long was he away?"

"I can't exactly say, for I was out myself all the afternoon. Probably four or five hours."

"He came home before you?"

"Oh yes; I found him in the library."

"Did he seem tired—exhausted?"

"I think he said he was rather tired. I know he told me they had had a good deal to do at the meeting."

"Um! What sort of a day was it?"

"Very gloomy and dark. I know I had a great deal of trouble in choosing the silk for those very curtains. They were obliged to light the gas at Twi-ls', and I said that would never do for green, so I put off buying the curtains and went to look at some cabinets at Mrs. Jehoshaphat's."

"Were his boots and—and—his—other things muddy—as if they had been splashed?"

"I don't remember—I did not look; but I dare say they were, for he observed that the streets were uncommonly dirty, and *that* had helped to tire him."

"The streets? You are sure he didn't *say* the fields?"

"Dear me, no! What should take him in-to the fields on a dark, foggy November day?"

"Well, if not the fields, he might have come home across the Park. However, *of course* he'd *say* the streets. Now tell me, Eliza, what did he do at dinner?"

"How do you mean?"

"Did he eat with his usual appetite?"

"Yes, I think so. No! now I recollect, he didn't. He sent away his soup without tasting it. He said it was smoked;—if it was, I never discovered it. I'm not sure whether he had fish or not, but I perfectly remember he wouldn't take any ham and chicken. As to sweet things, he never touches them."

"Was he gay, or the reverse?"

"At first he seemed jaded and out of spirits—I fancied because he had not gone with me. But he ordered some champagne, and then he rallied amazingly; indeed, he made himself particularly agreeable."

"What did he talk about?"

"Oh, everything. About the weather and the war, the storm in the Black Sea, the battle of Inkermann—all the things that were going on, you know—about the country and the hunting-season——"

"Ah! Is he very fond of hunting?"

"I believe he is. Then, I remember, he wanted me to go down to Brighton—he said it was just the right time of the year."

"What for?"

"Oh, for the place, to be sure."

"You didn't go, I think?"

"No, I said I could not spare the time."

"And he seemed disappointed?"

"Well, I don't know. He is fond of Brighton. He likes galloping across the Downs. He says there's nothing like it."

"What! he actually confesses so much?"

"I don't understand you, Adela. I see nothing remarkable to confess in that. I like a good canter myself. You remember how we used to ride about Dartmoor. Beaufort talks about buying a cottage somewhere there for the summer. He says I must select the spot, as I know the country. I have told him a good deal about Dartmoor."

"And he wants to try the mutton there as well as at Brighton, I suppose?"

"What a strange idea! I only talked to him of the wild scenery. But I am glad you have given the conversation a turn, for I can't tell why you have been asking all these questions."

"A turn, Eliza," said Miss Cunningham, solemnly. "No! it's *not* a turn. I am coming more to the point.—How do you amuse yourselves generally of an evening?"

"Oh, sometimes I play, and Beaufort lis-

tens; then I take my work, and he reads to me."

"What does he read?"

"Novels and biography, or, if we have nothing new from Mudie's, he takes down a volume of natural history."

"Natural history—um! A coincidence."

"And poetry, too. Is that a coincidence?"

"It depends on circumstances. Whose poetry does he prefer?"

"Byron's, generally; so do I. Beaufort reads very well. He has such a fine voice. We are going through the 'Tales.' The last he read was 'Mazepa.' I declare I was quite terrified with that fearful account of the flight of the steed through the forest, with the wolves so close behind."

"Quite natural, was it not?" said Adela, in a sepulchral voice.

"Quite."

"Do you ever consider the meaning of that picture?" abruptly asked Miss Cunningham, pointing to the Sainte Geneviève.

"The meaning of it, Adela? Beaufort had it copied in Paris because he thought the saint's face was so like mine."

"Was that all? And those—victims?"

"Victims! Good gracious! Where?"

"Those lambs and their sainted shepherdess. A type! a type! Oh, Eliza, take care!"

"Take care of what? Of whom?"

"Of your husband!"

"You frighten me again. Your manner is so strange. Why should I take care of Beaufort?"

"Must I tell you the dreadful secret? Be it so! Bend down your head. Let no one else hear my words. I strongly suspect that Mr. Fitz-Poodle—nearer—nearer—that Mr. Fitz-Poodle is nothing more nor less than—"

A tap at the door interrupted the communication which Miss Cunningham was about to make.

"Who's there?" asked Mrs. Fitz-Poodle.

"It's only me, m'm—Frost," replied a female voice.

"My maid," said Mrs. Fitz-Poodle to Adela. "What do you want?"

"If you please, m'm, it's a letter for Miss Cunningham, and master—"

"Let her come in," said Adela, in answer to an inquiring look from her cousin.

Frost entered, presented the letter, which Adela hastily tore open, and went on:

"—And master wishes most particularly to speak to you, m'm, for a few minutes, when you are disengaged."

"Will you excuse me, Adela?" said Mrs. Fitz-Poodle; but Miss Cunningham was so absorbed by her letter that she did not hear the question till it was repeated.

"I beg your pardon, Eliza. Oh, yes! Go—by all means."

IV.

WHEN Mrs. Fitz-Poodle descended to the library she found her husband walking to and fro, apparently in some agitation.

"What is the matter, Beaufort?" she eagerly asked.

"I have had some disagreeable news, Eliza. A relation of mine, young Arthur Mervyn, of the 20th Dragoons, has got into a serious scrape, and I am afraid it will go hard with him unless something can be done immediately."

"Pray tell me, how?"

"Arthur," said Mr. Fitz-Poodle, "is a very good fellow in the main, but he is one of those young men whom you ladies call 'romantic' and 'impulsive'—that is to say, he is apt to do the first thing that comes into his head without at all considering the consequences. In this instance he has been quarrelling with his commanding officer, and has had the imprudence to send him a challenge. Any other man but Colonel Walton would have put Mervyn under arrest and brought him to a court-martial at once, and as sure as fate he would have lost his commission. Walton, however, happens to be an old friend of mine—in fact, is under considerable obligations to me—and writes me word that, although the provocation he received was great, and the offence—in a military sense—a very flagrant one, utterly subversive, you know, of all discipline, he has only privately confined Mervyn to his room for the present, in the hope that he will make him an apology."

"Which, of course, he will do," said Mrs. Fitz-Poodle.

"Ah, that's the misfortune of his character," returned her husband. "Arthur is very proud, and never likes to acknowledge himself in the wrong. But I fancy he must give in this time, or his prospects will be ruined for life."

"What was the quarrel about?"

"It arose out of the great cause of quarrel amongst men—young men in particular.—While Arthur was on detachment a few months ago, he thought proper to fall violently in love with some country beauty, a girl of excellent family, Walton says, but with scarcely any fortune. It seems they were engaged—Mervyn never told me a word about the matter—but as he is only a lieutenant, and depends entirely upon what his father allows him, all thoughts of marriage were out of the question until he got his troop. Somehow or other the affair got wind in the regiment—young men, you know, don't always keep their own coun-

sel—and reached the commanding officer's ears. Well, under ordinary circumstances, this was no business of the colonel's, but when Walton found that Arthur was always asking for short leave, and got a hint, besides, of the use he made of it—I need not tell *you* what that was—he began to fear that in one of his impulsive moods the young lieutenant might bring back a wife to head-quarters, and as he knew that such a step would mortally offend old Mr. Mervyn, who is a great disciplinarian in his family, he point blank refused Arthur's last application for leave of absence, and told him moreover, the reason why. Arthur did not take this intimation in good part: he said Colonel Walton might refuse him leave if he chose, but he had no right to interfere with his private concerns, and that, as he had made up his mind on the subject, he should go without his permission. Walton mildly but firmly warned him against such a step, observing, good-humoredly, however, that he was still too much of a boy to be trusted. This remark, which was perfectly true, greatly irritated Arthur: he went to his barracks and wrote a most furious letter to Colonel Walton, calling him a tyrant and I don't know what else, and winding up by demanding the satisfaction which was due from one gentleman to another.—Walton in reply, as I have already mentioned, sent word to Arthur to keep his room till he was in a more temperate mood, intimating that he should then expect to hear from him in a different strain. This is the state of affairs at present. Walton has waited three days, but as the foolish fellow has shown no signs of amendment, he begins to have some apprehension lest Arthur should carry his threat into execution and go off in quest of his *inamorata*, in which case the whole story must be told, and it will be all up with the young *entête*. Knowing, however, that I have more influence over Mervyn than most people, Walton has asked me to run down to Canterbury and see if I can't bring him to reason. I am sorry to be called away just as your cousin has arrived, but it can't be helped, and I hope I shall be able to get back by to-morrow night, or the next day at latest. There is no occasion to let any one know why I leave town—I mean you need not tell Miss Cunningham even, as it might be awkward for Arthur in case he should come to the house while she is staying here."

"I shall tell nobody the reason, and Adela is not at all inquisitive. You never saw her before, did you?"

"What a question, Eliza! Of course I never did. Why do you ask?"

"Only,—only,—because I had a sort of fancy that she knew something about you."

"I don't see how that is possible, unless she

happens to be gifted with second sight. What did she say of me then?"

"Oh, we were talking about you, and Adela asked me what your pursuits were, and whether you were fond of sporting, and what we did in the evening when we were alone,—and then—she—she advised me to—to take care of you."

"Ha! ha! ha! Is that all, Eliza? I hope you *will* take care of me. I'm sure I shall always take care of *you*. But we didn't want your cousin to remind us *so soon* of our marriage vow. She is a little too apprehensive. But I suppose it is because she is so fond of you, so I shall not quarrel with her on that account. Now, dearest, I must be off. The cab is at the door, I see, and Lucas is putting in my carpet-bag. Make any excuse you like to Adela, and say I was obliged to go in a great hurry. One kiss,—another,—one more,—good-by."

And thus, unconsciously imitating the Corsair when he left Medora, Mr. Fitz-Poodle departed on his friendly mission.

The off hand frankness of her husband's manner, and the natural construction he put upon Miss Cunningham's words, completely reassured Mrs. Fitz-Poodle, and banished from her mind an uneasy thought which had begun to lurk there. As soon as the cab drove off, she returned to her *boudoir*, but Adela was no longer there. She then went to her cousin's room, and, after knocking twice, the door was unlocked by Adela herself, who was very pale, and appeared as if she had been crying.

"Good gracious, Adela!" she exclaimed, "has anything happened to make you uncomfortable? How is my aunt?"

"Oh, very well, dear, I believe. I have heard nothing to the contrary."

"I thought—perhaps," said Mrs. Fitz-Poodle, slightly hesitating, "that—as you had—received a letter—and looked so—so ill—that something might have happened."

"So there has, Eliza! I am agonized with apprehension—all your poor cousin's hopes and expectations are at this moment trembling on the verge of a precipice—the destroying sword now hangs but by a single thread! Those are his very words!"

"Whose words, Adela? You distract me! What evil is impending? What is it you dread?"

"I had intended to have reserved this secret for a calmer, happier moment—but fate is stronger than human will. It will astonish you, Eliza, when I announce the fact, unbreathed as yet to any ear, that I am—**AN AFFIANCED ONE!** Yes, Eliza, three months ago I pledged my maiden troth!"

"Goodness! And is this the cause of your present sorrow? Where is your—the gentleman?"

"Where? I know not! In a dungeon, perhaps! Fatally expiating his cr—no, *not* a crime—at the worst but an offence caused by his love for me."

"Dear me! has he k-k-killed anybody, Adela?"

"Not yet, Eliza!"

"But if he is in prison, dear, he can't get at any one to kill, unless it is the jailer who brings him black bread and a pitcher of water daily—that's what they do, I believe;—but then he must have done something to get put there. What was it? Oh, do tell me!"

"Read that missive!" said Adela. "I did not say he was actually incarcerated, though it may be so!"

Mrs. Fitz-Poodle removed a very damp cambric handkerchief from a crumpled letter which was lying on the bed, and having smoothed out the creases, read as follows:

"Idol of my heart! Little did I think this hand would ever pen aught but tidings of joy to thee! Yet destiny has willed it otherwise. Evil even now is hovering with outstretched wings above the head of your devoted one. All our hopes and expectations are at this moment—." (Perhaps, as this paragraph has been already mentioned, there is no occasion for repeating the "precipice" and the "destroying sword!") "I had arranged for another brief hour of happiness with thee, my Adela (by the express-train at 8 30 A. M. on the 13th), but tyrannous authority interposed its ban and marred the smiling scene. Maddened by disappointment, I said something, I know not what, words of menacing import, nay—more—I put them on paper, and defied my persecutor to the *outrance*. With cynical coldness he refused to raise the gauntlet I had thrown down, and prated of paternal behests. I was of unyielding spirit—thanks to my love for thee—and, though unfettered, I am now—a *captive*! Surrounded as I am by his myrmidons, I dare not venture to say more at present, but at the first unwatched moment I will write again. At the worst, I can but hurl defiance in his teeth again, and fly to those arms which are the haven of Adela's fond and faithful shipwrecked lover."

"You see, Eliza, what a fearful strait he is in!" observed Miss Cunningham—as I must still call her.

"Upon my word," said Mrs. Fitz-Poodle, "I don't see anything very clearly. I can't make out what it's all about. He seems to have been threatening to knock somebody down, and then—I should say—jumped overboard, and—perhaps—swam ashore, and was taken up for a smuggler!"

"Your penetration," said Adela, scornfully, "does you infinite credit. A smuggler, indeed! Henceforth I shall confine my sorrows to my own bosom."

"I'm sure I didn't mean to offend you, Adela," returned Mrs. Fitz-Poodle, meekly; "but really I couldn't understand the letter."

"Enough," said Miss Cunningham; "we will speak of it no more. All I request is that you will not name the subject to Mr. Fitz-Poodle."

"I came to tell you, Adela—only when I saw you had been crying I forgot it—that Beaufort has been suddenly obliged to go out of town. I hope you will have better news—whatever it relates to—before he comes back."

"Gone out of town!" muttered Miss Cunningham, in a tone too low for her cousin to hear what she said; "can instinct have forewarned him of my prescience? Or, perchance, an access of fearful appetite!"

"What do you say, dear? I thought I heard the word, 'appetite!' Luncheon, I dare say, is quite ready. Shall we go down? Come, kiss me, Adela. You know I never could bear not to be friends with you. There, that's a dear! I dare say it will be all right."

To do Miss Cunningham justice I must say that she *did* kiss her cousin most affectionately. Though *exaltée* to the last degree, and, as we have seen, apt to indulge in the most absurd fancies, she always acted, as she thought, "for the best," in which endeavor, when common sense and discretion happen to be absent, people frequently reverse their intentions. She was right, however, about one thing. Mrs. Fitz-Poodle, with all her affection, was not a counsellor for such a case as that of Adela Cunningham; indeed, unless this young lady had unbosomed herself a little more plainly, I don't know whose advice could have done her any good. But it was not in her nature "to descend," as she said, "to common-place details"—and, therefore, she resolved to wait till another post should bring her better tidings—or worse.

Having come to this conclusion, she very wisely accepted her cousin's invitation to dry her tears, and go down to luncheon; and whether philosophy or hunger prevailed, or whether some inspiration kept up her spirits, I know not, but she certainly did behave at that meal as if she were not "an affianced one," with a lover in most mysterious difficulties.

Shall I follow the cousins throughout the occupations of the day—accompany them to Mrs. Jehosaphat's, and the fifty other charming shops that were Mrs. Fitz-Poodle's delight—break in upon their *tête-à-tête* at dinner—take a stall beside them at Albert Smith's fifteen hundredth representation (given, I believe, on that night)—and then tell you that Miss Biddy Fudge was quite right when she said that a laugh would revive her under the pressure of romantic woe, and that Adela Cunningham followed her example?

Imagine these things, and imagine what Time, the old coralline, is always at work about—forever constructing new edifices, forever effacing the past; no respecter is he of either joy or sorrow; his lightest touch produces change.

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Quarrel with him as we may, no one in Mr. Fitz-Poodle's household would be likely to object to the change which he wrought there in little more than twenty-four hours from the time of that gentleman's abrupt departure for Canterbury. It was just six o'clock in the evening of the following day, and Mrs. Fitz-Poodle and her cousin—having once more visited half the shops in London—were sitting in the library by firelight, waiting for letters by the day-mail. Adela, whose thoughts insensibly assumed a gloomier complexion as the moment of expectation drew near, had fallen into the train by which she first startled Mrs. Fitz-Poodle, and was narrating, as an induction, no doubt, to something even less pleasant, the delectable history of Gilles Garnier, the notorious loup-garou, who was executed for lycanthropy at Dole, in the year 1574, when the "visitors' bell" was rung violently, a noise of footsteps in the hall followed almost immediately, the library-door flew open, and more than one person entered the apartment. It was too dark to distinguish

faces, but Mrs. Fitz-Poodle had no difficulty in recognizing her husband's voice.

"Where are you, Eliza? Oh, here! I hope we're in time for dinner. I've brought an unexpected guest. It's all right, dearest—too long a story to tell just now—let me introduce my friend—don't make a mistake in the dark and salute the wrong person, Arthur—ha! ha! ha!—Mrs. Fitz-Poodle, this is my cousin, Mr. Mervyn, of the 20th Dragoons—Miss Cunningham, I think this gentleman is known to you already!"

As a spasmodic novel-writer would say: "A faint shriek was heard, and the next moment Adela would have fallen to the ground if Arthur Mervyn had not rushed forward and caught her fainting form in his arms."

Preston salts, eau-de-Cologne, and—and a few tender whispers, rendered the *tableau* of revival quite perfect. It is scarcely necessary to say, that Mr. Fitz-Poodle promised "to make things pleasant" to Arthur Mervyn and Adela Cunningham, or that he kept his word.

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When Adela Cunningham retired to rest that night, her last words were:—

"That I should have taken that dear, kind, good Fitz-Poodle for a wehr-wolf. Thank Heaven, I never told Eliza!"

THE LICENTIOUSNESS OF BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.—To read one of the pages of the beautiful portions of their works, you would think it impossible that such writers should frame their lips to utter what disgraces the page ensuing:—yet there it is like a torrent of feculence beside a chosen garden; nay, say rather like a dream, or a sort of madness,—the very spite and riot of the tongue of a disordered incontinence for the previous self-restraint. And this was the privilege of their position! the gain they had got by their participation of polite life in the days of James the First, and their right to be considered its perfect exponents! Had Beaumont been fortunate enough to have been the son of a briefless barrister, or Fletcher's father, happily for himself, have risen no higher in the Church than his ministry in the village of Rye,—the two dramatists, unhurt by those blighting favors of the day, and admonished to behave themselves as decorously as their brethren, might now have been in possession of thoroughly delightful fame, and such a volume as the one before us have been a thing out of the question; but the son of the judge, and the son of the bishop, unluckily possessed rank as well as gayety enough to constitute themselves the representatives of what in the next age was styled the "gentleman of wit and pleasure about town;" and the consequence was,

that while on the serious side of their natures they were thoughtful and beautiful poets, and probably despised nine-tenths of the persons whom they amused,—on the other side, and in the intoxication of success, they threw themselves with their whole stock of wit and spirits into the requirements of the ribaldry in fashion, and, by a combination peculiar to the signs of the Stuarts, became equally the delight of the "highest" and the "lowest circles." Not that there was wanting in those times a circle of a less nominal altitude, in which their condemnation was already commencing; for though the gloomier class of Puritans were as vulgar in their way, as the *Im-puritanas* were in theirs, yet a breeding alien to both prevailed in the families which the young Milton frequented; and when the author of *Allegro* and *Penseroso* spoke of the dramatists who attracted him to the theatre, he tacitly reproved the two friends by limiting his mention of names to those of Shakspere and Ben Jonson; though how he admired the culprits, apart from their misdemeanors as fine gentlemen, is abundantly proved by his imitations of them in those very poems, and in the masque of *Comus*.—Leigh Hunt's *Selections from Beaumont and Fletcher in Bohn's Standard Library*.

From The Press.

1. *The War and its Issues.* 2. *The End.* By the Rev. John Cumming, D. D. London: Arthur Hall & Co.

In noticing any works by Dr. Cumming, we are met by a difficulty at the outset: — in what light are we to regard him? As an orthodox expounder of prophecy, or as a mere showy lecturer? Is he a thoughtful, learned divine, diligently seeking after truth, and earnestly studying his Bible to find it, or is he a kind of pulpit Barnum, solely anxious to collect a large audience, and to excite speculation and wonder among the crowd. His place is not yet fixed. He has been successful in obtaining notoriety, but surely not in establishing a solid reputation. As an author we can judge him only by his works; and as in these we find an odd mixture of politics and prophecy, of news and divinity, we must claim to treat them rather more freely than we should care to do publications of a purely sacred character.

Dr. Cumming is of opinion that the world is to terminate in ten years' time from this date. With this conviction on his mind, he is continually looking about for signs of the end. He reads newspapers as he never read them before, believing that the facts they chronicle are "just Providence translating prophecy into performance." (The End, p. 19.) The daily newspaper is the best commentary on revelation. "God writes the prophecy; the journalist steps in, and, without thinking of the prophecy, testifies its complete and magnificent fulfilment." (Ib.) Again: "Providence is writing, in the page of the modern newspaper, the fulfilment of ancient apocalyptic predictions." (Ib. 176.) Dr. Cumming is fond of that kind of stirring expression which friendly critics would term lucid and graphic, but which reminds us much more of the audacity of American metaphor. Great statesmen and generals think they are carrying out their own plans, while in fact they are just stepping in to fill up the outlines God has sketched, and *moving on the rails he has laid down.*" (Ib. 20.) This thought is presented to us in a variety of forms. The Chancellor of the Exchequer does not think that, in imposing new taxes to carry on the war, he is helping to fulfil the prophecies of Ezekiel; but Dr. Cumming knows it, and he tells us that he pays those war-taxes "with the sustaining and consolatory thought that he is preparing the way for the coming of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." (Ib. 83.)

The year 1865 is fixed as the period for the coming of our Lord, from a consideration of the dates in the Book of Daniel. The 1260 years terminated, he supposes, in the great revolutionary convulsion of 1790; then, thirty years more reached to the period when the Mohammedan power, typified by the River Euphrates,

began to disappear; and forty-five years more reach to 1865, or to what Dr. Cumming supposes to be the seventh-thousand year of the world. Ancient chronology is involved in so much difficulty that it would be out of place to discuss Dr. Cumming's hypothesis here. If he really believes the end to be so near as he assumes, we need not wonder at his anxious inquiry concerning the signs of the times.

He lays much stress on the thirty-eighth and thirty-ninth chapters of Ezekiel. His key to their interpretation is, that by Rosh is meant Russia; by Tubal, Tobolsk; and by Meshech, Muscovy: the three names typifying the Russian empire. The veritable Gog is the Northern despot, the ambitious tyrant, the huge vulture, as the Reverend Doctor indifferently terms the Emperor of Russia for the time being. Then, Gomer is Germany, which is to make common cause with Russia; and Tarshish is England, destined to play a great part in putting a hook into the jaws of Gog. (The End, Lect. vii.) Gog may be checked for a time in his career of aggression; but ultimately, and that before long (as the prophecy is to be fulfilled in ten years) Gog will advance to Palestine, will be struck down at Jerusalem, the Jews will be collected and regain their Holy City, and the Millennium will commence.

The "vials" of Revelation are interpreted with like boldness, and to the like conclusion. The first was poured out at the commencement of the revolutionary era in 1790; the second, poured out upon the sea, typified the destructive prowess of the British navy; the third signified the wars on the Danube, the Po, and the Rhine; the fourth was directed against the imperial power of Napoleon, under figure of "the sun;" the fifth annihilated the temporal power of the Papedom, "the seat of the beast," when "the Pope was dragged at the chariot-wheels of Napoleon, was taken to Fontainebleau and made a prisoner, treated as a puppet, the Emperor making merry at his expense;" the sixth, to dry up the River Euphrates, was poured out some years ago, but the effects are still in operation, the "Kings of the East" being, not the East India Company, as some commentators have supposed, but the Jews; and Armageddon being clearly Sebastopol, where the kings of the earth are to be gathered together to "the battle of that great day of God Almighty;" and the seventh and last vial was poured out in 1848, we being at this moment, without knowing it and without meaning it, preparing the way for the restoration of the Jews to Palestine, and Great Babylon being "brought to remembrance" through the gigantic blunder of the Papal aggression of 1850.

The devout and candid reader of the 16th chapter of Revelation will be very far from satisfied that this interpretation of it is natural or convincing, or even so much as plausible.

The pouring out of the second vial, when "every living soul died in the sea," cannot by the most forced principle of interpretation signify the triumphs which secured to England the empire of the ocean; and though, in reference to the fourth vial, Dr. Cumming asserts that Napoleon was called by his soldiers "The Little Sun," we suspect that his vivid imagination has deceived him, and that for the style he gives we should read, Little Corporal.

Such theories of interpretation, however, should never be harshly judged nor rashly rejected. Very few persons can be competent judges of them, and common sense, our best guide in most cases, may fail us in attempting to fathom the depths of prophecy. But of the events of the time in which we live we can all form a fair judgment, and when Dr. Cumming points to them in support of his opinions we get out of the maze of theory into the plain paths of fact. We can judge, for instance, whether we are living in an age when terrible natural phenomena are peculiarly prevalent, and when we might expect from what is passing around us, that the last days predicted in Scripture are at hand. Dr. Cumming furnishes us with the surest standard for estimating the truth of his ideas, as he is all for literal interpretation. A remarkable prediction of the closing epoch found in Daniel is, he says, "Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased." The running to and fro he supposes to indicate railway travelling:—

Is not this the age of travelling—of excessive travelling—of unprecedented locomotion? Have not all calculations been defied? Have not all expectations been agreeably disappointed? Have not railways made travelling as well as provided facilities for it?—*End, 132.*

On the prophecy "Knowledge shall be increased" the commentary is more copious:—

A change has taken place amid the masses of mankind, immense and unmistakable. Never was the spread of knowledge so earnest a pursuit; never was the passion for it so ardent, enthusiastic, and universal. The folio that was of old written for the few is now expanded into tracts for the many. The libraries of Ptolemy, or of Alexandria are now the circulating libraries in every neighborhood. Systems of divinity and learning, that were once banked up in universities, have now burst their embankments, and millions slake their thirst where thousands sipped deliciously before. If ever in any age, it is in the present, that knowledge has become almost universal.

Here we have a fair example of that style of amplification in which it delights the Rever-

end Doctor to indulge. "The libraries of Ptolemy and Alexandria are the circulating libraries of every neighborhood." Hardly yet: but even were it so, we might reasonably doubt whether railway travelling and the multiplication of books were the proper fulfilment of the prophet's words.

One sign of the End is to be earthquakes in divers places, and Dr. Cumming, who appears to be indefatigable in his study of the newspapers, collects a number of instances in which shocks have been felt with more or less of severity. At Turin the earth trembled—without occasioning any damage, however—and the account as given is set down as a witness to the coincidence between God's word and God's works:—

I was awoke by hearing the jug and the basin rattle, my bed shaking under me, and a noise like the door loudly banging to. Michael said "he was awoke with the house shaking much, and the bells ringing."

A slight shock at New Zealand is noticed with like solemnity:—

The children screamed, the dogs barked, and they all rushed out of the house amid a shower of bricks from the chimney of the house, which had fallen. Several other shocks were felt during the night.

The great convulsions which are to precede the End will most likely produce far more terrible effects than the rattling of a basin in a jug, or the barking of dogs.

As the seventh vial was poured into the air, our commentator searches his newspaper for evidence of new forms of disease resulting from an altered state of the atmosphere. He adduces cholera as the most striking instance; but cholera first appeared, if we recollect rightly, in 1817, and had manifested itself by terrible ravages in Asia and Europe long before that date of 1848 which Dr. Cumming fixes as the time for the pouring forth of the seventh vial. He notices also the potato disease, and the vine blight, as evidences that the solemn prediction, "It is done," is in course of fulfilment. But the most singular instance of his credulity—or of his presumption of the credulity of his readers is found in his quoting a paper read at the Medical Society on the prevalence of carbuncles and boils, as another evidence of the miraculous interposition of the last and most terrible of the angels of wrath. In our judgment, there is no surer way of casting contempt on prophecy than to dwarf its sublime and fearful announcements by applying them to phenomena of common occurrence and of trivial import. The most devout believer in the special action of Providence might hesitate to accept a carbuncle on

his nose, or elsewhere, as proof that the end of the world was at hand.

Dr. Cumming, one would think, might be taught modesty in his attempts to interpret prophecy by his failure when he seeks to trace the intention of Providence in the events before his eyes. One of his sermons in the volume on "The War" is upon the death of the Czar, which he assumes to have been providentially designed to prepare the way for peace:—

See if you cannot trace in this occurrence more than that impious thing accident. . . . And whilst plenipotentiaries, great statesmen, are all met together, I dare say, with far more heavy hearts than any day-laborer ever feels who works his day, and earns his bread, and sleeps sweetly—and whilst they are all perplexed whether peace be possible—whilst they are almost despairing or hoping against hope, the mysterious whispering wire, the electric nerve of the air and of the earth, vibrates and transmits to the assembled Cabinet what seems a solution of all their difficulties, the end of all their care; or, at all events, it tells them—"The Lord hath broken the staff of the ruler; he hath cast down the mighty from his seat." The singular coincidence of the event, with these remarkable efforts of the nations to seek peace; the removal apparently of what was the great spring of all the bitter streams of war, seems to me so like the finger of God, that I pity you who call it accident; I bless God that He has taught me to see in it the sweep of His own presence as He moves through the earth, to exalt and bless His own, and to cast down them that defy Him.

His anticipations on other points prove to have been equally incorrect. The phraseology of the following is remarkable as proceeding from a Christian preacher:—

The inspection of that fleet that has gone to the Baltic, which many had the pleasure of seeing at a gala holiday at Spithead, is proof that no ordinary preparation is made; and on speaking to the officers on board of the *Duke of Wellington*, they said—when they were not expecting war—that, come war when it may please God to permit it, there will never have been a war like it in the whole history of the world before.

Dr. Cumming's study of the newspapers has had some other effect on his mind than to enlighten him as to the daily fulfilment of prophecy. It has animated him with that warlike spirit which our journals have breathed, so that we are sometimes in doubt whether the Doctor ought not to resign gown and bands for plume and sword. As the Czar is Gog, and foredoomed to wrath, the Doctor finds it quite consistent with his Christian profession to pummel him most unmercifully. We may even fancy that he takes pleasure in thinking that he is himself in his humble way contri-

buting to the fulfilment of prophecy by his martial exhortations. It is thus that he exposes the designs of the "imperial robber," as Nicholas is mildly termed, at the commencement of the war:—

And what led to Russia taking up its present policy? She too felt the shock, saw that the nations of the earth were tossed and driven like leaves in the whirlwind; and thinking France had more upon its hands than it could manage; that Britain had just enough to do to keep all its own under its sway; that Austria and Germany were too frightened to resist, said, "Now is the moment for me to carry on my mission—a mission begun and felt a hundred years ago—and as I have appropriated Poland, and absorbed the Danubian provinces, I will now seize upon Constantinople, the ancient mistress of the East; with all the glorious traditions of a thousand years, with its capacious harbors and noble seas; and having extirpated the Moslem, consecrated the Mosque into a Cathedral again, and made St. Sophia the mother church of the East, I will then take time to consider when and where I may choose to descend like an Alpine avalanche upon Britain, and teach her the duty and necessity of being subjugated to the Eastern Orthodox Church and the Czar, its representative head, and the necessity of humbly taking up the position of a depressed and second-rate nation, shorn of her ancient and traditional glory." We have here the whole explanation and reason of the origin of the Russian war.

There are other passages in a like strain, but more violent. Russia is represented as being constrained to pursue her course of criminal ambition, and as being the more guilty for the very constraint. The true predestinarian never consigns sinners to perdition with such fervent zeal as when he fancies that their fate has been sealed from all eternity. "Russia," writes the Doctor, "will eventually march through Europe, and sweep all before it, and finish its career where prophecy predicts it will finish it—in the plains of Palestine, and in the great struggle that is to restore the Jew to his home." Ten years are but a short period, according to human probability, for the accomplishment of so vast a "sweep."

Erratic divines have not unfrequently made themselves conspicuous by their confident announcements that the end of the world is at hand, but few have carried out their notions with such precise definitions of prophecy as marks the preaching of Dr. Cumming. In one respect, however, he differs from the fanatics of past times. While they acted on their belief, the Doctor, prudent in the midst of his wildest speculations, declares that he shall continue to act as though the world was destined to last for ever. He will never give occasion for any reproach of extravagance in conduct. Were he quite sure that the world

was to end to-morrow, he would still take or give a lease for ninety-nine years to-day. When the End is visibly near, the soldier must not "sell out," the captain must not leave his deck, nor the tradesman his counter. This "selling out" image is a favorite with our author. He says that when soldiers came to John, questioning him "What shall we do?" he would, had they been sinners, have replied "Sell out instantly:—

But did John say so? He had good sense, and he had inspired wisdom; and he therefore said to the soldiers—not, Sell out, not, Leave your regiments, and join a cotton-mill; but he said—"Do violence to no man, and be content with your pay."

¹ This vulgarizing of the sentiment of Scripture, by appropriating it to party purposes of the day, more resembles the manner of a negro Methodist preacher than of a Scotch doctor of divinity. "The captain on his deck" is another expression we meet with so frequently, that it led a punning friend of ours to remark, that as the End was so near, the captain would be very fitly bedecked for sacrifice. Perhaps, as "trifles light as air" are to the mind pre-occupied with one idea "proofs strong as Holy Writ," and as in the last days there will be scoffers, Dr. Cumming may see in this critique of ours a new evidence of the coming End, but other persons will rather take it as foreshowing the end of Cumming. It is impossible that the extravagance we find here can have a lengthened reign. Following Carlyle, the Doctor declares that the "age of shams is gone." We deny the assertion. It is present. It will last as long as the world. It is like an article at a mock auction, always going, but never gone. Dr. Cumming's

scheme of apocalyptic interpretation is on the wane, but it will doubtless be succeeded by some other delusion just as vain.

We doubt if he has much of the fanatic about him after all. But he is very fond of notoriety, and very prolific as an author. It is one of Rochefoucauld's sayings, that there is no man so foolish but he will find greater fools than himself in the world to listen to him. The Doctor is not one of the foolish ones, but he presumes on the credulity of his public. We have great respect for some parts of his character, and readily admit that he has an effective style of eloquence, though much of his published matter reads detestably. He is an old hand at press labors; and we think sufficiently well of his sense to believe that, whatever he may say of this critique on his latest performances, he will be able to discriminate between wit and scoffing, between indifference to prophecy and criticism on the vagaries which must, in proportion as they are successful, destroy its sublime and sacred character. It is a province of Scripture on which no man should enter but with most careful and reverent sentiment; as to misinterpret it is really to afford vantage ground to the sceptic. By a natural movement of the mind we are always apt to exaggerate the importance of present events; and this tendency should always keep us on our guard against supposing that all prophecy is to find its fulfilment in our day. Charlatanism, with all its defects, may sometimes be amusing; but even this sole redeeming quality of its nature must be absent when it deals with Holy Writ; and our disgust with it becomes the stronger as we find that we cannot even laugh at it with decency.

PROPOSAL OF AN ARCHAEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE FOR MIDDLESEX.—Of all the monuments of past times in England, the Tower of London is first in interest. Indeed, it has no competitor. Its story is the history of England—a history of its people, of its best men and most beautiful women—of its wars, its pageants, its insurrections, its conquests, its reverses—of its manners, its arts, its arms, its laws, its religion, almost of its literature. Every room in the Tower is a record, every stone is monumental. Yet in our own day parts of this precious edifice have been dug up, thrown down, carted away and rebuilt, walls have been scraped and inscriptions removed by ignorant men, without a word of protest, so far as we know, from these learned bodies. Care of the Tower would alone justify the establishment of a Middlesex Archaeological Society. Then, there are—Brentford, a world in itself for the antiquary—Crosby Hall—the Old prisons—West-

minster Abby—Old London Bridge—Old Change—Old St. Paul's—St. John's Gate—The Charter house—and a hundred others equally curious and important, most of which are still open to a good deal of documentary and other illustration. Such a work demands earnest workers; and we are glad to announce a proposal to establish a society for the purpose of assisting to investigate and preserve these Middlesex records of our past life. Lord Londesborough has accepted the office of President, and Mr. G. B. Webb that of provisional Secretary.—*Athenaeum.*

A PENSION has been granted, by the Government, to the mother of Dr. James Thomson, of the 44th, who distinguished himself so signalily in waiting upon the Russian wounded after the battle of the Alma.

From the British Quarterly Review.

Memoirs of the Life, Writings, and Discoveries of Sir Isaac Newton. By SIR DAVID BREWSTER, K. H., etc. 2 vols. Edinburgh: Constable and Co. 1855.

SOME little time before the death of Cromwell, England was visited by a terrible tempest. Superstitious people thought that the Devil was abroad. Royalists believed that he had come for the soul of the departing Protector. Republicans imagined that Nature was convulsed with sorrow because the hero of the age was about to be removed. 'Pale Britannia' looked up in awe, and shuddered as if she had seen the colossal shape which sat on the whirlwind and steered the storm. In the midst of the hurlyburly a youth of sixteen, living in Lincolnshire, sallied into the open air, and began to leap to and fro, now in the teeth of the gale and then in the direction of its fury. Why should a sedate and thoughtful-looking lad amuse himself alone, at such an unpropitious season, and in such laborious sport? It was a young philosopher experimenting upon the force of the wind. Those leaps of his were carefully measured and compared. With the blast in his face he could not expect to jump as far as when the storm was at his back. By marking the extent of his bounds in a tranquil atmosphere, and laying down pegs to express the value of his leaps in tempestuous times, he endeavored to acquire some idea of the vigor of a passing breeze. According to his method of computation, one particular wind might be six inches stronger than another, and Boreas a foot more powerful than Zephyr. Odd as the process must now appear, we need not feel surprised that a philosopher living in the dark days of meteorology should have had no other anemometer than one of flesh and blood. But when that philosopher was a mere boy, making one of his earliest scientific experiments, we cannot hesitate to acknowledge the ingenuity of his device, although there are better ways of estimating the pressure of a wind than by measuring it with a carpenter's rule.

The youth who thus turned Cromwell's dying hurricane to account was the future author of the *Principia*. So far as it is lawful for a nation to boast of its celebrities, England may well be proud of her Newton. We have sometimes amused ourselves by supposing that a grand Valhalla were about to be reared, and that each country were required to send its contingent of great names, living or dead, in order that their statues might decorate the pile. Fifty of Britain's most distinguished sons, we will say, are to be elected for the purpose, and the question of merit is to be settled by the suffrages of the people at large. The nation accordingly goes to the poll—Man after man would probably tender his first

vote for the bard of Avon. Shakespeare would be placed triumphantly at the head of the list. For the second rank the contest would lie between three or four individuals, mainly, and might not be so easily determined. Some would poll for Newton, some for Bacon, some for Milton, some for themselves. If a worthy and independent elector valued poetry more than philosophy, he would vote for the author of *Paradise Lost* before he could spare a suffrage for the writer of the *Novum Organum* or the demonstrator of gravity. But that Newton would be returned lower than the third or fourth on the list it would be difficult to believe. When these great names, with few others, had been duly canvassed, it might be hazardous to predict the further progress of the polling. The spirit of partisanship would soon be brought into play; each coterie would have its idol to support; and amidst the clamor of contending schools, and possibly amidst the reading of the Riot Act, it is not unlikely that some of the smallest celebrities in Britain would be elected as fit and proper persons to represent us in the Valhalla of Nations.

Or suppose that it were the practice to keep a register of panegyrics? Some of the finest ever pronounced would fall to the lot of Sir Isaac Newton. Nothing can surpass the bold and almost blasphemous grandeur of Pope's couplet,

'Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night;
God said, 'Let Newton be,' and all was light.'

'Does Mr. Newton eat, drink, and sleep like other men?' asked the Marquis de l'Hopital. 'I represent him to myself as a celestial genius entirely disengaged from matter.' 'He was a man,' observes Johnson, 'who, had he flourished in ancient Greece, would have been worshipped as a divinity.' 'Nec fas est,' says Dr. Halley, in his address prefixed to the *Principia* 'propius mortali attingere Divos.' For a homely encomium take Boerhaave's exclamation, 'That man comprehends as much as all mankind besides!' For a gorgeous requiem, a kind of Dead March for a philosopher, listen to Thomson's noble lament. Hear how Young solicits the loftiest of created intelligences for information respecting the stars, styling them 'Newtonian angels,' as if to propitiate their attention, and secure a complacent response. Or await their answer to the apostrophe of a far more doubtful votary, who asks them whether, amidst the very blaze of light which streams from the throne, they were not jealous of this great sublunar sage? *

* Voltaire, in his *Epistle to Madame du Chatelet*, exclaims:—

'Confidents du Tres Haut, substances éternelles,
Qui brûlez de ses feux, qui couvrez de vos ailes
Le trone ou votre maître est assis parmis vous,
Parlez, du grand Newton n'etiez vous pas jaloux?'

Need we say, then, that for one so colossal in intellect, so commanding in position, a biographer of the first order is required? Few of course are accustomed to tread the heights which Newton trod, or to move freely in the lonely circle where he habitually lived. It is a lordly theme. But that Sir David Brewster possesses many eminent qualifications for the task, no one will dispute. He is one of the lights of modern science. In Newton's favorite department, optics, he has made several brilliant discoveries. By no one perhaps has the prismatic spectrum been more closely studied. From his previous writings he is well fitted to illustrate the condition in which the English astronomer found the universe when he began to put it in theoretical repair. Having already published a small *Life of Newton*, some four-and-twenty years ago, Sir David must have been well provisioned for his undertaking, and in fact the materials of that volume have been freely employed in the preparation of the present work. Nor is it the least favorable circumstance amongst many we might mention, that Sir David has cultivated a habit of popular composition, and writes for the masses instead of limiting himself to the philosophical few. He knows how to clothe his thoughts in an attractive garb, and sometimes lights up his pages with passages of great beauty and poetic eloquence. But the most important circumstance connected with these volumes is, that they contain matter hitherto untouched by Newton's biographers. Sir David found a rich treasure amongst the family papers of the Earl of Portsmouth. It was well known that a large quantity of documents relating to the philosopher had come into the possession of that noble house through the medium of his grand-niece, Miss Conduitt, afterwards Lady Lymington. It would seem that a nephew, Mr. Conduitt, at one time entertained the idea of forestalling Sir David by a century and a quarter. With this view he prepared a circular, conjuring those who could give him assistance in compiling so 'national' a work as a memoir of Newton, to put down everything they knew on the subject, assuring them that he would acquaint the public in his book with the source of each particular item of intelligence. Flattered in all probability by this promised bit of immortality, the parties addressed appear to have supplied him with some little information, but he left his MS. in such an indigested state, that it never passed into the hands of the 'Constable and Co.' of the day. The Portsmouth papers have therefore proved a lucky literary deposit for the present biographer. Sir David has had it in his power to provide the reader with some new dishes for his banquet. He has cleared up many a difficult point, has investigated some

equivocal transactions, and has thrown much valuable light upon the story of Newton's toils and Newton's troubles.

Two flaws we must be permitted to mention. First, the materials are not always happily distributed. The disquisitions introduced, estimable as they are in themselves, are not duly subordinated to the main business of the work. The current of Newton's life, as well as of his discoveries, sometimes vanishes altogether, and after pursuing a subterranean course, reappears for a short interval; perhaps to lose itself anew beneath the overhanging foliage of some discussion. For the disjointed aspect of the book a certain amount of excuse may be assigned. Part of the work was composed and printed after a mere flying glance at the Portsmouth papers, and therefore when a more leisurely inspection of those documents supplied the author with additional information, it was necessary to stow it where circumstances would best permit. The other defect to which we allude is the spirit of advocacy too frequently displayed. Sir David does not always place himself on the bench, and sit as a judge to decide whatever litigated point may arise; but he stations himself occasionally at the counsel's table, and addresses the public as if his illustrious client had been solemnly put on his defence. And for such a client some latitude of feeling may well be allowed. Newton's memory has been unpleasantly assailed. In his case trifles become matters of considerable importance. Bursts of temper and acts of meanness, which would not seriously damage our estimate of an inferior celebrity, must produce a painful impression (if verified) in regard to an individual who has not only been held up as the first of philosophers, but as one of the 'whitest souls' and one of the finest of Christian gentlemen. Whilst therefore we can heartily appreciate the deep veneration which has led Sir David to repel any lowering attempts upon Newton's character, we cannot but regret that the influence of the work should be marred by such visible tokens of advocacy. It was happily said of a discreet Blue-stocking, that she wore petticoats sufficiently long to hide those suspicious emblems of feminine wisdom: when a biographer finds it needful to vindicate his hero, he may do more hurt than good, unless he can manage to conceal the lawyer's gown and wig.

Having thus discharged our conscience, let us thank Sir David for a work which in other respects is worthy both of himself and of the great genius whose memory it embalms. It is the fruit of careful and elaborate research—the production of an accomplished and philosophical intellect—and the best biographical monument which Newton is ever likely to receive.

So far as space will permit, we propose to glance at this remarkable man under a few of the more prominent aspects in which he appeals to the eye. But first let us have a peep at Newton the boy. Born in the year 1642, at the time when the "slovenly" person from Huntingdon was raising a body of troopers who "made a conscience" of the work they had to do, the child's cradle was rocked in the midst of the "Great Rebellion." His birth took place in the same year that Galileo died, and those who love to fasten upon curious coincidences may find some scope for fanciful conjecture in this little circumstance. The mantle of the Tuscan sage seems scarcely to have dropped from his shoulders, when a mightier spirit arose to receive the garment, and to take office as the Interpreter of the Heavens. Though at first Newton's frame was so diminutive that it was said it could have been thrust into a quart mug, the child expanded into a vigorous youth, and at the age of twelve we find him engaged in a pugilistic encounter at Grantham. We are bound to record that battle. Fights are always important incidents in a schoolboy's recollections, and if we may judge from the pages of history, nations are just as partial to the memory of their martial achievements. Clio delights to record how Greece gave Persia a pair of black eyes at Marathon and Salamis; how Rome thrashed Carthage, and then beat all the weaker boys, until it became the bully of the world; and how England was always quarrelling with France, having drubbed the latter at Cressy and Agincourt, but received some fearful bruises at Fontenoy. It may be consolatory to many to learn so honored a personage as Newton made this trifling concession to the infirmities of our race. But we mention the battle because it was an edifying fray. The lad who occupied the place above him at the public school gave him a severe kick to the stomach, which he found it impossible to digest. A challenge was the result. They met in the churchyard. They fell to on that consecrated ground. The school-master's son came up during the progress of the combat, and in a spirit of great impartiality undertook the office of second for both parties, meting out alternate encouragement, until victory at length alighted upon the head of the philosopher. Now, it so happened that the latter had been hitherto very negligent in the performance of his tasks, and consequently ranked much lower in the school than was suitable for an embryo sage. But the battle in the churchyard had roused a spirit of emulation, and he now resolved to conquer his enemy in the arts of peace as well as of war. The rivals tugged at their tasks with varied success, but at last the greater intellect asserted its supremacy, and Isaac not only oustripped

his competitor, but worked on until the chief place in the little synagogue was his. That kick on the stomach did good.

No such stimulants, however, were needed to show that the boy was of a philosophical turn. Instead of romping about Grantham, he spent much of his time at his lodging in forming models of machines. The prodigious "knocking and hammering" which went on in his apartment was prophetic of great things, though few perhaps would have surmised that the young workman would some day construct a new and durable system of the universe. One of his productions was a clepsydra, or water-clock, which was found so useful by the inmates of the house that it was kept and consulted by them long after Isaac left; but it should be remembered that in those days pendulum time-pieces had scarcely been invented, and watches were wholly unknown in Grantham. Another of his contrivances was a small windmill, "as clean and curious a piece of workmanship," says Dr. Stukely, as the original edifice from which it was copied. It was a model that would go. If there was not a sufficient breeze to turn the sails, a mouse was sometimes impressed into service, and, under the playful title of "the miller," was induced to perform the duties of the establishment. Then, too, Newton had a carriage which needed no horse for its traction, the wheels being set in motion by a winch worked by the traveller himself. The boy also became interested in the subject of dialing, and drove pegs into the walls and roofs of the buildings to note the progress of the day. These were eventually settled with such precision, that "Isaac's Dial was consulted as trustfully when the sun shone, as his water-clock when that luminary refused to appear.

After this glimpse of Newton the schoolboy, what will the reader say, when we introduce him to *Newton the farmer and grazier*? In this latter capacity he is little known, nor was his conduct at all exemplary. On his removal from Grantham he was put in pastoral training, his surviving parent probably expecting that he would be content to vegetate on the small family manor, like his forefathers. But it was the old story of genius and drudgery again. If sent into the fields to look after the cattle, the animals were allowed to wander about, *damage faisant*, whilst their guardian was stretched under a tree with a book before him, or buried in the construction of some smart little machine. If despatched to market at Grantham in company with an experienced retainer, the youth left the duties of the day entirely in the hands of his associate, and hied to his old lodgings, where he remained immersed in study until the business were done. But why go as far as Grantham when sent on these expeditions? Why not pull up at a

nearer stage, and thus economize the precious hours? This was a lucky thought, and Isaac soon adopted the practice of flinging himself under some early hedge, where he tarried until his colleague returned. It is said that one of his uncles, a neighboring rector, once caught him in this condition, solving a mathematical problem by the road side. It was plain that he would never spend his days in growing turnips or rearing enormously fat cattle. His mother wisely released him from his bucolic doom, few maternal hearts requiring any strong arguments to persuade them that their children possess a genius which ought to be employed in some nobler walk than the old ancestral round. It was resolved to give him a fair chance of greatness, and accordingly he was sent to Trinity College, Cambridge, in the year 1661.

With his formal studies there we have no concern; but it was in the cloistered seclusion of academic life that he commenced those researches which have stamped his image and superscription upon natural philosophy for ever. He first rose into repute as an optician. Having constructed a reflecting telescope—the first of its kind—he presented the instrument to the Royal Society, by whom it is still preserved with scarcely less veneration than Romanists manifest for the skull of a genuine saint. Soon afterwards he intimated to that parliament of philosophers that he was prepared to communicate a discovery, which in his judgment was the 'oddest, if not the most considerable detection hitherto made in the operations of nature.' This was saying much, but hardly more than the circumstances warranted. The secret he had unveiled was worthy of the complimentary terms in which the allusion is expressed, and if we now advert to it as an illustration of Newton's optical researches, it is not only because it stands in the front of his discoveries, but because his masterly system of investigation, and his cautious habits of experimenting, are nowhere more strikingly displayed.

Whence come colors? That was the question he put to nature. Prior to his time it was generally assumed that they did not exist in light itself, but were produced by the bodies whereon it was projected. The rose was indebted for its redness to some property in its own petals, and the peacock owed the span-gled glories of his tail entirely to himself. Light was supposed to be a simple indecomposable thing until Newton began to dissect sunbeams, and explain the wonderful provision which Providence had made for dyeing creation with such rich and manifold tints.

It was a day worthy to be registered as a red-letter day in the calendar of science when the philosopher darkened his chamber, made a hole in his 'shuts' to admit a manageable

quantity of light, and then planted a prism before the aperture. At first it was 'a very pleasing diversion' to gaze upon the vivid bars of color which the instrument painted upon the opposite wall. But after pleasure, business. He began to study the phenomenon 'circumspectly.' First of all, he remarked that the colored image was five times longer than it was broad. According to the laws of refraction then current in the republic of science, this spectrum ought to have been circular. The disproportion was so extravagant that his curiosity was greatly excited, and he begged Nature to inform him distinctly whence it arose. He made it a matter of conscience, however, to inquire whether this unexpected result might not be due to some peculiarity in the prism, or to some flaw in the circumstances under which the observations were conducted. Perhaps the glass was not of uniform thickness throughout? To test this conjecture he transmitted the rays through different portions of the prism, but the colors continued the same. Then perhaps the size or shape of the hole in the shutters might influence the form of the spectrum? Forthwith he tried apertures of 'divers bignesses,' but the puzzling disproportion remained unaltered. Perhaps then the glass might be uneven within, and thus dilate the rays in consequence of its irregular constitution? Mr. Newton could soon settle that point. He took another prism, and placed it reversely behind the one employed. If the latter were right in its internal texture, and if the elongation of the spectrum were a genuine natural result, then the second prism should precisely neutralize the effect of the first. But if the oblong image were the product of any mere irregularity in the glass, the additional instrument could not be expected to provide exact compensation, and thus the cause of the phenomenon would be betrayed. This test was applied, but the second prism simply undid the work of the other; it gathered up the scattered rays, and sent them on their course in excellent order, so that a circular spot was produced on the wall, instead of the outrageous spectrum occasioned by the solitary glass. No fault, therefore, could be ascribed to the prism. Another idea now strikes the philosopher. The sun has a disc of considerable magnitude, and as the rays proceeding from different parts of its surface must impinge upon the instrument with different degrees of obliquity—those coming from the rim being, of course, more inclined than those nearer the centre—would not this circumstance explain the great divergence of the rays on the wall? Newton straightway fell to measuring and calculating, and found that whilst the angle of the aperture subtended by the breadth of the spectrum corresponded pretty closely with the diameter

of the sun (31 or 32 minutes), the angle subtended by the length of the spectrum (2 deg. 49 min.), amounted to more than five diameters of the sun of day. Since, therefore, the width of the image represented all the diversities of incidence which could be ascribed to a disc of the sun's diameter, the oblong form was manifestly due to some other cause than the one just suspected. Next, it occurred to the indefatigable explorer that, in passing through the prism, the rays might possibly be constrained to assume a curvilinear course, and thus produce a dilated image on the wall by departing more extensively from their original path? A little examination, however, soon satisfied him that this singular surmise was without any foundation.

Having now exhausted all outlying possibilities, Newton saw that some secret of nature was really concealed in the spectrum. There was no reason why it should be five times as long as broad, or why a beam should spread out into seven invariable hues, unless the cause lay in the constitution of the beam itself. To get at that secret he contrived an *experimentum crucis*. He passed the various parts of the spectrum separately through a second prism placed at the distance of a dozen feet from the first. Not to dwell upon the process, a great physical fact was now revealed. He perceived that a beam of white light was not a simple homogeneous thing. It was compounded of several rays. These were severed in their transit through the prism, because they differed in refrangibility, some undergoing deflection from their course to a greater extent than others, and hence the elongated shape which the spectrum assumed.* Finding that no further operations upon any particular ray could induce any change in its hue or in its refrangibility, he concluded that he had dissected the sunbeam into its ultimate elementary parts. White light must consequently be a compound of seven primary tints. The idea was startling. Was it possible to suppose that by mixing a number of vivid colors—red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, violet—a pure white could be engendered from such a hotchpot of hues? Yet this strange marvel of nature could be effected in a moment. He could mix up these chromatic ingredients himself. It was only necessary to apply another prism immediately behind the first, and the brilliant bands of the spectrum

forthwith melted into a spot of colorless light. The synthesis of the sunbeam was as easy as its analysis. Newton therefore concluded that colors were no longer to be regarded as the properties of bodies, but as qualities innate in light itself. Every beam carried its own stock of tints, and all that a substance did was to reflect or transmit one sort or set of rays in preference to another, just as its constitution might prescribe. The sun was like a painter, who brought his seven pots of paint to your door, and left you to choose which of the set, or what mixture of the number, you would like for the decoration of your house.

This single specimen of Newton's optical labors will show with what sagacity his researches were directed. The reader will mark the spirit of fair play evinced in the interrogatories he puts to nature. The philosopher does not attempt to take her by surprise, and extract an answer by random conjectures. But he works his way up by regular approaches, clearing the ground of all external sources of error as he advances, and then propounding his queries in an honest and conclusive form. It is true that Newton's optical nets have undergone some qualification in the course of nearly two hundred years. The solar spectrum of the nineteenth century is a different article to that of the seventeenth. It is now highly civilized. It would astonish Newton himself. What would he have thought on finding that, in addition to its staff of illuminating rays, it possessed invisible chemical and calorific beams? What would he have said to Herschel's lavender band and Stokes's fluorescent rays? What about those mysterious dark lines which have been counted by Wollaston, Fraunhofer, and Brewster in such prodigious numbers—by the latter to the extent of more than two thousand? What about the modifications which are produced in the spectrum by varying the nature of the prism employed? Above all, what would he have said to his own biographer, who, as is well known, maintains that the seven primitive hues of Newton are reducible into three, that these overlie each other throughout the whole length of the spectrum, and that therefore they are not different in point of refrangibility, as our philosopher supposed? But notwithstanding all the improvements which may have been effected in this beautiful department of optics, we may safely assert that mankind will never forget the patient thought and transcendent skill displayed by this great man in his famous anatomy of Light.

Still, Newton the optician dwindleth into insignificance before Newton the *explorer of the universe*. Lagrange asserted that Sir Isaac was the most fortunate of mortals, because to him had fallen the task of establishing the true system of the heavens, which could only hap-

* Where diagrams are wanting, rude illustrations may be allowed. Suppose a fan, with seven ribs, representing the seven primary rays. Closed, it may stand for the solar beam in its natural composite condition. Unfurled, it will serve to indicate the outspread rays. Let these ribs be painted red, orange, yellow, etc., in succession, and their several colors and degrees of divergency may then answer to the several colors and degrees of refrangibility in the constituents of the solar spectrum.

pen once in this world. Unquestionably the noblest scientific commission ever entrusted to man was that of marshalling the planetary hosts anew, and adjusting their motions to the music of one simple but potent principle. For centuries the skies had presented a spectacle of glittering confusion. He who climbed to the highest Alp of Contemplation, and flung his gaze across the universe, could discover little else than a complicated orrery or a mere wilderness of stars. That clumsy piece of wheel-work known as the Ptolemaic system, with its epicycles and eccentricities, had suffered under the blows of Copernicus and Tycho, of Kepler and Galileo; but when Newton opened his commission and began his speculations, the vortices of Descartes were in fashion, and the heavens consisted of a series of eddies or maelstroms, wherein globes were revolving like chips in a whirlpool. This extraordinary man, who had been killed, only a few years before Newton's birth, by the cold of Sweden, and the early hours of its madcap queen, was long lord-paramount amongst the learned of Europe. He enjoyed a reputation as a builder of celestial systems which was quite astonishing. Even so late as 1693, six years after the publication of the *Principia*, Addison asserted, in an oration delivered at Oxford, that Descartes "had solved the difficulties of the universe almost as well as if he had been its architect." We wish we could have given some account of a work, of which the old French title is *Voyage du Monde de Descartes*, written by a philosophical wag, and representing the great philosopher in the act of constructing a solar system. It would enable the reader to appreciate the reformation accomplished by Newton. He would value more highly the genius which cleared the heavens of such cumbersome contrivances, and exhibited space as a free expanse wherein suns sparkled, planets journeyed, and satellites circulated without the least chance of confusion. What Kepler said of himself—that the Almighty had waited six thousand years for an interpreter—might have been more suitably, and perhaps more reverently, applied to his English successor. In the fulness of time the destined sage arrived, and perhaps fancy can picture few grander spectacles than that of Newton standing as it were on the shores of space, gazing with an eagle eye upon the abyss through which worlds were gliding in their mazy dance, and then seizing, as if by inspiration, the great principle which told him how orb was linked to orb, how each was kept in its ever-curving groove, and yet how all revolved as safely as if they were the sole wanderers in those ethereal depths.

Something, however, had been done when Newton presented the splendid fruitage of his intellect to the world. The magnetic Gilbert,

the fantastic Kepler, the early-doomed Horrox, the versatile Wren, and, above all, the jealous, quarrelsome Hooke—not to speak of Bulliald, Borelli, Huyghens, and others—had thrown a ministering light on the subject of gravitation. But no one had *demonstrated* the principle in its universal bearings; and till that was done the celestial bodies were but so many ships of the sky, drifting, rudderless, in a sea of conjecture.

The first steps of the investigation are well known. Every one has heard of the falling apple. The Niebuhrs of science have of course attempted to resolve the story into a mere myth. We are happy to say that their barbarous efforts have met with no decided success. We trust they never will. Let the memory of this precious fruit be carefully preserved as an illustration of the eloquence which sometimes lies concealed in common facts. Let it remain to show us how a philosophical mind could employ a mere apple as a key to the secrets of the universe, instead of picking it up and devouring it on the spot, as an ordinary person would have done.

Newton surmised that the moon might be tethered to the earth by an attractive force—that her path in the heavens was a succession of falls—and that she was nothing more than an enormous apple kept from tumbling to the globe by the impetus she had originally received. If so, this notion should admit of proof. The effect of gravity at the earth's surface being known, its effect at the distance of the moon should coincide with the power required to keep her in her orbit, and this latter force could be ascertained if the distance of the two bodies were once correctly fixed. Owing to the adoption of an inaccurate measure of that distance, the computation at first failed, and though he did not relinquish the idea of gravity, he eked it out by means of Cartesian vortices, in order to keep our satellite true to her lord. Some years subsequently a more exact estimate of the earth's diameter enabled him to prosecute his calculations to a victorious conclusion, and to demonstrate that the power which drew the apple to the ground was the power which chained the moon to the earth.

This fact once settled, the universe seemed to fall under the dominion of one subtle and invisible, but ever-acting and all-pervading power. Phenomenon after phenomenon was expounded by its means. The quantity of matter in the sun was determined. The planets were put, as it were, in the scales, and weighed like so many sacks of flour. The tides of the ocean were proved to be the work of the busy moon, and the heaping up of the waters at the further side of the globe became a necessary consequence of the pull upon the centre of the earth, which left the antipodal sea lagging behind. The influence of the protuberant matter

at the equator was explained. Sundry irregularities in the moon's motions were accounted for by the action of gravity. And Newton did not hesitate to apply the same force to those rovers of the heavens—the comets. Difficult as the task of reducing them to order then seemed—for to some it might appear almost as impracticable as an attempt to compute the elements of a swallow's flight—Newton undertook the task, brought them under the influence of attraction as he had done the planets in their sedate spheres, and thus may be said to have sworn in the cometary corps as good and loyal citizens of the skies.

His discoveries were embodied in the *Principia*. We do not wonder that Sir David Brewster speaks of this marvellous work as forming an epoch in the history of the world:—“It will ever be regarded as the brightest page in the records of human reason—a work, may we not add, which would be read with delight in every planet of our system—in every system of the universe.”

Others have spoken of it with equal respect. Halley said that such a number of truths as it revealed, “were never yet owing to the capacity and industry of any one man.” Laplace declares that its “original and profound views give it a pre-eminence above all the other productions of human genius.” Yet there is no great composition less read. The mathematical structure—at least of the first two books—has sealed it as with seven seals from popular perusal. When a copy was sent to the heads of Newton's university, Dr. Babington said they might study it for seven years before they understood it. When Dr. Bently applied to Craige for a list of the works it would be necessary to read in order to comprehend the *Principia*, the latter sent him a catalogue of books sufficient to constitute a little library in themselves. It must have been a sickening prescription for any non-mathematical man. Why, then, should a production so inaccessible be recognized without demur as one of the worst in the world's great library? Because its striking revelations and its transcendent ability give it something of a superhuman aspect. You feel as if it would not surprise you, on turning to the title-page, to find that its author had been an archangel. The power and mastery which it evinces seem to belong to some celestial intelligence; and if Newton had told us that Gabriel had brought it to him piecemeal—as was the case with the Koran and Mohammed, if Mohammed is to be believed—we should have almost felt disposed to assent to this suggestion of its skyey origin. That the book has been found faulty in some respects, all who are competent to judge will readily admit; but, when we consider that it was written in eighteen months—though doubtless its contents had been in course of ges-

tation—it must be allowed that the genius of man never performed a greater and more astonishing feat than when it produced the *Principia*.

Newton's character as a *mathematician* is, to some extent, involved in the authorship of this immortal work. Nevertheless, a passing allusion to his wonderful sagacity in this province of thought may be allowed. From the manuscripts of Mr. Conduitt, it appears that once, when Leibnitz was at Berlin, the Queen of Prussia asked him his opinion of the English philosopher. He replied, that, “Taking all the mathematicians from the beginning of the world to the time when Sir Isaac lived, what he had done was much the better half,” and added, that “he had consulted all the learned in Europe upon some difficult points without having any satisfaction; but that when he applied to Sir Isaac, he wrote him in answer by the first post, to do so and so, and then he would find it.” Fifteen years after this conversation, Leibnitz, wishing to feel the pulse of the English analysts, proposed his famous problem of the trajectories. Newton solved it the evening he received it, though he had just returned from the Mint, fatigued with the toils of the day. As promptly too did he respond to the mathematical challenge of John Bernoulli, in 1696, when that individual attempted to puzzle the brains of Europe with two difficult problems. Six months were allowed for the solution; but six months elapsed without any solution being produced. Newton's was despatched the day after the terms of the riddles were learnt; and though forwarded anonymously, Bernoulli at once detected the authorship, and declared that he recognized the English geometer, as he would have done the lion by his claw. It is worthy of mention, that when Newton went to Cambridge he was ignorant of Euclid. He was led to consult that diverting author with the view of obtaining light respecting a figure of the heavens contained in an astrological book. But, on examining two or three of the propositions, they appeared to be so manifest, that he could not understand how any sensible man would put himself to the trouble of demonstrating them at all. Euclid, it is said, was forthwith discarded as a “trifling book.” How different was this from the impression made upon the mind of Hobbes, when, at the age of forty, he first dipped into that production. The proposition which met his eye (the forty-seventh of the first book), so startled the sage of Malmesbury, that he pronounced it, in coarse terms, to be utterly impossible. But then, to be sure, Newton wrote the *Principia*, and Leviathan only drew upon himself the laughter of the learned by the mathematical mare's nests he contrived to discover.

And what shall be said respecting the invention of fluxions? Sir David devotes two chapters

to the history of this terrible mathematical row. We advert to it with a feeling of deep repugnance, because it is painful to see the two greatest philosophers of the day entering the ring and stripping, like a pair of common pugilists, to engage in literary fight. We cannot believe that there was any theft committed on either side. Leibnitz was no felon any more than Newton. Both appear to have been separate inventors. That the Englishman preceeded his continental rival in the discovery of his famous method, appears to be proved beyond dispute; but that the German philosopher first made his principle public, seems to be equally certain. Without attempting to justify the proceedings of the latter in a squabble where knightly courtesy was mostly discarded, some admission of Newton's faultiness is rendered necessary by his biographer's dexterous but overdone defence. We must hold that the concealment of his principle in a sentence of transposed letters, whereas Leibnitz freely communicated the results he had obtained, — his silence for years after he was made acquainted with the German's discovery, — the suppression of the famous scholium in which he had virtually allowed that his rival was an independent inventor, — his denial that a second inventor had any rights, although in this case the latter had been the first to present his calculus to the public, and to show its extensive applications, — his participation in the *Commercium Epistolicum*, which was supposed to be the decision of the Royal Society, and his consequent interference as "a witness in his own cause," though that right was expressly repudiated in reference to Leibnitz, — these, with sundry other reasons which might be adduced, compel the conclusion that our philosopher was led, either by some infirmity of his own, or by the indiscretion of his friends, to play a part less creditable to his character than could have been desired. It should not be forgotten that the responsibility of this war rests with Newton. Had he taken any proper steps to secure the methods described in the manuscript book (dated 13th November, 1665 — 16th May, 1666), by rendering them in some degree public, the claim of Leibnitz could never have been preferred. We do not say that Newton was culpable because he did not usher his fluxions into the world with the pomp and formality which an inferior individual might have displayed; but we do maintain that, after the fray had once commenced, knowing, as he must have done, that his own negligence had occasioned the controversy, he was bound, on his part, to prosecute it in the most temperate and conciliatory spirit. Fontenelle but expressed the natural conclusion when he said that, "till we had seen the *Commercium Epistolicum*, it was commonly believed here that Leibnitz was the first inventor

of the Differential Calculus, or at least the first publisher of it, though it was as well known that Sir Isaac Newton was master of the secret at the same time; but as he did not challenge it, we could not be undeceived; and what I said concerning it was upon the credit of the common belief, which I did not find contradicted."

At the same time, it is but just to Newton to remember that his life had already been embittered by the attacks of numerous antagonists. He found that the head which wears the crown of genius must sometimes lie as uneasy as that which carries the diadem of state. It seemed as if every fresh discovery placed him in an attitude of hostility to mankind, and drew upon him a succession of assailants. His first optical paper was no sooner published than a Jesuit professor at Clermont, Father Pardies, attacked his conclusions, and involved him in controversy. Loyola, it is true, was a courteous opponent, and retired with many compliments to the very excellent Mr. Newton; but scarcely was he exorcised, when a Dutch physician, Linus, entered the lists, and asserted that the spectrum on which the Englishman had experimented was not a genuine one, derived immediately from the sun, but a kind of secondary daub, procured from some obtrusive cloud. On the death of Linus, his pupil, Mr. Gascoigne, and then Mr. Lucas, of Liege, took up the discussion. Still stouter critics appeared in the persons of Hooke and Huyghens; and though Newton beat them off, and maintained his position effectually, the vexation he had undergone extorted a resolution that he would bid adieu to philosophy eternally, except as a private pursuit; for, says he to Oldenburg: "I see a man must either resolve to put out nothing new, or to become a slave to defend it." And to Leibnitz he remarks: "I was so persecuted with discussions arising out of my theory of Light, that I blamed my own imprudence for parting with so substantial a blessing as my quiet, to run after a shadow." No sooner, too, had he announced his discoveries respecting gravitation, than the all-appropriating Hooke put in his claim to the law of decrease in proportion to the square of the distance. Stung by the prospect of a new war, he wrote to Halley: "Philosophy is such an impertinently litigious lady, that a man had as good be engaged in lawsuits as have to do with her. I found it so formerly; and now I am no sooner come near her again, than she gives me warning." There is certainly a want of heroism in all this. We would rather have seen Newton risking his own happiness like many others who have held their genius in trust for mankind. But when we consider that his habits were retiring; that he was too busy thinking to enjoy the bustle of controversy; and, above all, that he had been baited

as if he were some great scientific sinner, we need not be astonished if we find him displaying more soreness and irritability than his traditional reputation seems to sanction.

There is another and more painful aspect under which this illustrious man has been exhibited. Shall we now turn to *Newton the lunatic?* If a statement, found in a Journal of Huyghens, and another in the Diary of Mr. de la Pryme, are to be considered conclusive, we must believe that reason really vacated one of the noblest thrones she ever occupied on earth; and that, for a time at least, this fine genius sunk, like Swift, into a mere 'driveller and a show.' The Dutch philosopher alleges that, on the 29th May, 1694, a Scotchman informed him that, eighteen months ago, Newton 'had become insane, either in consequence of too intense application to his studies, or from excessive grief at having lost, by fire, his chemical laboratory and several manuscripts.' He was immediately taken care of by his friends, who confined him to his house, and applied remedies, by means of which he had now so far recovered his health that he began to understand the *Principia*.' A few days after receiving this information Huyghens writes to Leibnitz, that the good Mr. Newton has had an attack of phrenitis, lasting eighteen months, but of which his friends had 'cured him by sundry remedies and close confinement.' Mr. de la Pryme, who was a student at Cambridge, and kept an *Ephemeris Vita*, relates, under the date of February 3, 1692, how Mr. Newton, 'mighty famous for his learning, had lost a work on colors and light, based upon thousands of experiments, which had occupied twenty years in the making, and had cost him many hundreds of pounds; how the aforesaid book had been set on fire one winter's morning by a candle, left burning on the table whilst Mr. Newton was at chapel; and how, on his return, seeing what was done, every one thought he would have gone mad. He was so troubled therat that he was not himself for a month after.'

It is not for us to issue a critical Commission of Lunacy, and sift the evidence thus adduced. At best it is but weak and inconclusive. We should scarcely have ventured to convict poor Christopher Smart or Nathaniel Lee of mental aberration upon twice the testimony. The statement of Huyghens rests upon mere hearsay; it was derived from a Scotchman, whom it is not easy to identify—the name of Colin, as at first given, being now transformed by M. Uylenbroek into Colm. With regard to Mr. de la Pryme, it will be observed that he does not speak of Newton's madness as a *fait accompli*, but merely as a catastrophe which it was *thought* likely might occur. Nor do the two accounts tally in point of time. Huyghens assigns a period of some eighteen months to

the malady, and De la Pryme speaks of a month as the duration of the 'trouble,' whatever that might happen to be. The former must therefore refer to the interval between November, 1692, and May, 1694; but taking the date of De la Pryme's entry as the first chronological point, Sir David, who is indignant at the charge, concludes that the supposed derangement must have been in force, if at all, between the 3d of January, 1692, and the month of May, 1694—a period of more than two years. We think it clear, however, that De la Pryme does not speak of the fire in Newton's study as a recent event; for he says, vaguely, that it took place 'on a winter's morning,' and it is certain that he could not have chronicled the calamity at the very period of its occurrence, since he allows time for the philosopher's recovery.

So far, therefore, the testimony produced would scarcely suffice for the purposes of the most eager expectant under a commission *de lunatico inquirendo*. But the reader will naturally say, Why not call some of Newton's own friends into court? They must have known if they had a madman on their hands. It is impossible that they, his reputed keepers, could have been ignorant of the malady of their glorious patient, or that if acquainted with it, the secret could have been tanaciously preserved until brought to light by M. Biot, in 1822. Let us, therefore, summon Mr. Pepys, who was a far more renowned diarist than Mr. de la Pryme, and moreover a profound admirer of Mr. Newton as an embodied public good.' From this gentleman we learn that he received a letter from the philosopher, dated September 13th, 1693, representing that he (the writer) was 'extremely troubled at the embroilment he was in, and had neither ate nor slept well this twelvemonth, nor had his former consistency of mind.' Mr. Pepys was alarmed by this epistle; he was so surprised by its incoherency, that he was 'put into great disorder lest it should arise from a discomposure in head or mind, or both.' With a solicitude which did him much honor, he wrote to Mr. Millington, of Magdalene College, requesting him to ascertain the exact truth. The latter hastens to put poor Pepys out of his 'generous payne.' He had visited the philosopher, who appeared to be greatly distressed about his letter, for which he apologized on the ground of a distemper in the head that had kept him awake for five nights together. 'He is now very well,' adds Mr. Millington, 'and though I fear he is under some small degree of melancholy, yet I think there is no reason to suspect it hath at all touched his understanding, and I hope never will.'

There is other evidence also that Newton was suffering from crippled health and nervous

irritation, about the autumn of 1693, and probably for some months previously. In a letter to Locke, dated October 15th, 1693, he observes : " The last winter, by sleeping too often by my fire, I got an ill habit of sleeping ; and a distemper, which this summer has been epidemical, put me farther out of order, so that when I wrote to you, I had not slept an hour a night for a fortnight together, and for five days together not a wink.

But it will be seen from the statement of Mr. Millington, as already from the entry of Mr. de la Fryme, that whatever might be the degree of " melancholy " in the one case, or of " trouble " in the other, both gentlemen exclude the idea of actual insanity. They show, negatively at least, that Newton did not commit lunacy. It is clear, too, that the philosopher was then quite at large. No one appears to have thought of shaving and blistering the head that produced the *Principia*. It is also remarkable that within the eighteen months assigned by Huyghens as the duration of this mental disorder (November 1692—May 1694), which includes the period referred to by Newton himself as that of his " distemper," the splendid intellect of the philosopher was found equal to the most arduous undertakings. He corresponded with Dr. Wallis and Leibnitz on quadratures and the rectification of curves ; he studied the subject of haloes, and made careful observations upon one of these brilliant phenomena ; he was actively engaged in chemical pursuits ; he solved a problem on the doctrine of chances, which was then extinguishing all other talk in places of public conversation, because it related to the " project of Mr. Neale, the groom-porter's lottery. He directed his attention also to Locke's theory of innate ideas, and at the instance of Dr. John Mill, had applied himself diligently to subjects of biblical criticism ; but not to mention other evidences of mental competency, it is only necessary to point to the celebrated letters to Dr. Bentley, which were written between the 10th of December 1692, and the 25th of February, 1692-3. We have seen some clever specimens of asylum literature, but we think no medical man would venture that a patient was a fit subject for a strait waistcoat who could have put into his hands four such masterly productions as these. Had Newton appeared before commissioners of lunacy, it would have been enough to present these epistles, and his acquittal would have been as certain and instantaneous as that of Sophocles when he answered the charge of dotage by reading his *Oedipus Coloneus* to the judges.

It should also be observed, that though Huyghens and De la Fryme ascribe Newton's aberration to the burning of his MSS., there is good reason to believe that this conflagration must have taken place before 1683. Hum-

phrey Newton, who resided with his illustrious relative as assistant for five years (1683-9) states that he only heard of it by report ; and that it must have occurred before the *Principia* was written. If so, the derangement took place long after its cause had occurred. There is a great psychological hiatus. Newton's frenzy appears to have hung fire for several years. We need not say that this is very unlikely. We might as well expect a lady, in a case demanding a burst of hysterics, to postpone the eruption for eight-and-forty hours. We agree with Sir David that the loss of a few experimental records was not at all likely to unsettle the equilibrium of a mind like Newton's. Such a trivial incident was wholly insufficient to rob the Samson of science of his intellectual vigor, and to leave him to grope for eighteen months together in the darkness of mental alienation.

There is one point connected with this story of the fire, to which we advert with regret. Every one has heard of the dog, Diamond. The animal is as well known in relation to Newton as the horse Bucephalus in relation to Alexander. Few quadrupeds have a more charming moral attached to their memories. He is the text of as beautiful a little sermon on patience as ever was preached. What child has not listened with interest whilst told how the creature threw down a lighted taper which consumed the fruits of many years' research, and instead of receiving chastisement from his master, was pathetically apostrophized,—" Oh ! Diamond, thou little knowest the mischief thou hast done ! " But we are afraid that this touching little tale must be cancelled. It is an excellent one. It ought to be true. But Sir David insists that it is a " fiction." That the fire did occur we do not doubt, but we dare not assert the authenticity of the dog. Diamond is disputed. He appears to have crept into history clandestinely. Nobody can speak positively to the brute. He is not mentioned in Mr. Conduit's version of the conflagration. Humphrey Newton says expressly, that Newton kept neither dogs nor cats in his apartments during the five years he was there. We would gladly have strained a point or two to retain this instructive quadruped, had it been only as a sort of moral mummy. But there does not appear sufficient evidence to justify his literary preservation. Of course, if the animal is to be converted into a myth, he must be acquitted of any responsibility in regard to the destruction of Newton's papers. But would it have been any satisfaction to Eratosthenes to know that some cruel critic would one day attempt to exonerate him from the blame of burning the Temple at Ephesus by proving that he never existed ? Diamond's only chance of immortality lay in his involuntary arson, and it would have been better for

him to have gone down to posterity with Newton's gentle rebuke upon his head than to be consigned to the apocrypha of dogs.

Turning now to the *private life* of this remarkable man, we may obtain an interesting glimpse through the medium of his relative, Humphrey Newton. We will suppose the latter to have uplifted the roof from the philosopher's apartments, like Le Sage's inquisitive imp. The author of the *Principia* is at breakfast, whilst Humphrey is engaged in copying that 'stupendous work' for the press. The morning meal is simple but odd. It consists of a little orange-peel, boiled in water, sweetened with sugar, and drunk like the newly-imported 'tey.' A small quantity of bread and butter is all the assistance required in the department of solids. Newton thinks, with Bishop Sanderson, that temperance is the best physic. Humphrey cannot say that he has ever seen him sit at table by himself. His practice is to 'eat a bit or two standing,' and then away to work. He is equally abstemious at other meals. Sometimes the old woman, his bedmaker, finds both dinner and supper scarcely touched, and, of course, carries off the escheated victuals with delight. At rare intervals he gives an entertainment to the Masters of the Colleges, or to foreigners who may be anxious to converse with the great Mr. Newton; but at such times there is danger lest the philosopher should plunge into some abstruse question whilst fetching the wine from his 'study,' and so forget the company completely. And if he goes to dine in the Hall, which happens but seldom, he will probably present himself there in a state of *déshabille*, with his shoes down at the heels, his stockings untied, his 'surplice' on, and his head scarcely combed. Of course a man so thoroughly immersed in philosophical pursuits has no time for amusement, and as little inclination perhaps. Humphrey never sees him indulge in any recreation for its own sake. He has known him take a turn or two in the garden, and then come to a sudden stand, after which he would rush upstairs 'like another Archimedes, with an *épynka*, and fall to write on his desk, standing, without giving himself the leisure to draw a chair to sit down on.' In his chamber, indeed, he walks much, but then his mind is over head and ears in meditation.—He seldom goes out to visit people, and keeps as little company as possible, except Mr. Ellis, Mr. Laughton, and Mr. Vigani, a chemist, whose acquaintance he relinquishes when the latter relates some loose story about a nun.—As Lucasian Professor he has to read lectures during term time, but alas! so few come to hear him, and of these so few can comprehend him, that it may be said he has to talk 'to the walls.' On such occasions he usually stays about half-an-hour; but if, says Humphrey,

he has *no auditors*, he commonly returns in a fourth of that time or less.' Would it be very different in the nineteenth century if Isaac Newton could re-appear? At first there might be a great rush, but when the novelty of this resurrection had subsided, and a few discourses had been heard without any overt yawns, would not the audience gradually dwindle away until little more than the naked walls were left to echo the philosopher's voice?—From the lecture-room, however, the professor probably proceeds to his laboratory, which is a favorite place with him. Here he is so busy that at certain seasons the fire is kept in for nearly six weeks together, Newton sitting up one night and his assistant another till the experiments are finished. What his object may be in these chemical researches, Humphrey cannot penetrate; but from the pains taken and the intense industry displayed, he is inclined to think that Newton aims at 'something beyond the reach of human art and industry.' No doubt he does! The mania for multiplying gold' has not yet been suppressed.* Alchemy is still in some degree a disease through which a philosopher may be expected to pass almost as certainly as children go through the measles or hooping-cough. It is not, however, from any vulgar affection for money that Newton bends over his crucibles, or looks into that old mouldy book, entitled *Agricola de Metallis*. The love of lucre is no part of his nature, and if he tries to transmute base minerals into a more beatific form, it is purely from the wish to obtain an answer to a question which has been put to nature more frequently and more longingly than any other. We do not hear of his making any attempts to brew the elixir of life, but Mr. Wickins, one of his college companions, tells us that he was in the habit of compounding a balsam which was reputed good for the plague, small-pox, colic, or consumption, and of some virtue in case you had been poisoned, or bit by a mad dog. Sir Isaac indeed, it appears, is a great 'simpler.' But if he should happen to catch cold his remedy is bed. There he has been known to lie for two or three days together, in order to cast it off by pure perspiration. Not wasting his

* In his famous letter of advice to Mr. Ashton (1669), Newton recommends that young gentleman to inquire abroad for cases of transmutation generally; for conversions of this sort, he adds, 'are above all others worth his noting, being the most luciferous, and many times lucrative experiments too, in philosophy.' When, however, he wrote to Locke, in 1692, respecting certain experiments with Boyle's 'red earth' which ought to have changed mercury into gold, Newton does not speak in a very sanguine strain; for he could not fail to be struck with the fact that though the 'father of Chemistry and the brother to the Earl of Cork,' had possessed the recipe for twenty years, it did not appear that he had ever been able to manufacture a single grain of gold.

time however, for we will venture to say that his brain is still busier secreting thought than his body exuding moisture. At one time his hour for retiring to rest was two or three in the morning; sometimes it was not till five or six, and then he might sleep for four or five hours; but at length he learns to go to bed at twelve, having discovered that if he exceeds that limit it does more harm to his health 'than a whole day's study.'

Such were Newton's habits whilst dwelling in academic retirement. A wider hospitality and a more luxurious style of living became necessary when he was converted into a Member of Parliament, and afterwards Master of the Mint. As a resident in London he kept his carriage, with an establishment of six servants, and gave splendid entertainments, though we do meet with an ill-natured murmur at the quality of the wine. But his own tastes were simple and temperate to the last; and when urged to take snuff or tobacco, he declined the temptation, declaring that "he would make no necessities to himself." Whether the same feeling interfered to prevent his taking a wife, we are not in a position to state; but it is certain that Newton, like his great predecessor Descartes, like his great rival Leibnitz, passed his days in bachelor meditation. The reader, however, will be surprised to learn that in ransacking the Portsmouth papers a love-letter was discovered, which, though in the hand-writing of Mr. Conduit, purports from the indorsement to have been the production of Sir Isaac himself. It is addressed to Lady Norris, the widow of Sir William Norris, who had been ambassador to the Great Mogul. Now, as Newton must have been upwards of sixty at the time, it is natural to feel some curiosity respecting the manner in which a sexagenarian philosopher would acquit himself in this trying species of composition. The letter is really a curious production. Lovers are not expected to be logical. It would be cruel to expect them to write common sense. We believe that in courts of law they are not even required to construct their epistles grammatically. They have the privilege of being as absurd as they like; and in fact the impetuosity of a passion may be frequently inferred from the quantity of sophistry and broken English with which the communication is adorned. Newton, if it be he, writes correctly enough; but his arguments seem to be shamefully puerile. They are such as we might anticipate from a schoolboy, if set by way of exercise, to solicit a widow's hand in cold blood. The writer intimates that her ladyship's grief at the loss of Sir William shows that her dislike to a second marriage cannot proceed from any aversion to husbands in general, but must arise solely from her attachment to the deceased. As much as to say, that because a lady had once loved Mr. A B

devotedly, she must be capable of a similar passion for all the other letters of the alphabet in succession. Then the writer tells her that to be always thinking on the Ambassador to the Great Mogul is to live a "melancholy life among the sepulchres," and that sorrow is an enemy to health. And can her ladyship, he asks, resolve to spend the rest of her days in grief and sickness? The next argument reads like a stroke of waggery. He insinuates a doubt whether she looks the exact thing in widow's weeds. A mourning habit will render her less acceptable to company — can she resolve to wear it perpetually? Oh the guile of the human heart when engaged in courtship! In short, continues he, in plain, unvarnished terms, the proper remedy for all these mischiefs is a new husband. The matter needs no consideration. Her ladyship ought to decide at once. The malady is admitted — there is the medicine. And since she likes the "person proposed," he doubts not that he shall soon have notice of her inclination to marry, or at least he trusts she will give that favored individual permission to discourse with her on the subject.

Sir D. Brewster seems to be of opinion that this is a genuine love-letter from Sir Isaac, and that the "person proposed" was none other than the author of the *Principia*. We cannot but dissent from this conclusion. The indorsement, "A Letter from Sir I. N. to —," is in a different hand. Newton was well acquainted with the lady, and might just as well have courted in the first person as in this circumlocutory strain. If modesty prevented his making his approaches openly, it would not have permitted him to tell her ladyship in a tone of perfect assurance that he knew she liked this mysterious suitor. Nor can it be supposed that even a retiring gentleman would attempt to throw the *onus* of the transaction upon the object of his affections, and call for "notice" of her intentions with such a mercantile air. Above all, the letter is couched in terms which wear so ridiculous an aspect if seriously employed, that we must prefer construing them ironically; and in this light they are clever and intelligible enough. However agreeable it might be to find that the soaring Newton indulged in the infirmity of love-making in his sexagenarian days, it seems more reasonable to treat the epistle either as a sportive production, or, if written in earnest, as the business-like application of a mere internuncio. No man who was really anxious to succeed the Ambassador to the Great Mogul in the lady's affections, could well have penned such a frigid effusion.

It would be impossible in our limits to advert, however briefly, to Newton as Member of Parliament, Master of the Mint, President of the Royal Society, writer of Theological

Treatises, author of Chronologies, or even in his disputed capacity of Christian. We must make use of a note for the purpose of referring to two or three of the more delicate topics discussed in the well-filled volumes of Sir David Brewster.*

* *Firstly*.—Was Newton an Unitarian or not? This is a point upon which additional information was anxiously expected. In his first memoir, Sir David decided that the philosopher was a firm believer in the Trinity. Since that work was published several theological tractates have been brought to light, and amongst these are some which appear to have been copied as it for the press. What conclusion must now be drawn? The biographer does not explicitly say, but by declining to reiterate his former opinion, it is manifest that he deems it untenable. And indeed the papers seem scarcely to leave us any other alternative. To much of the matter produced we attach no value in reference to the great point at issue. Every one is aware to what an extent the dialect of Trinitarianism may be, and in fact must be, employed by Unitarians, simply because it is the language of Scripture itself. So far, therefore, as some of his treatises disclose his views, Newton might be claimed by either class. But when he draws up the 'Articles' of his own Faith, and when the very nature of the document would lead us to expect some explicit statement respecting the Divinity of our Saviour, we cannot but think that the omission of a clear assertion to that effect is tolerably conclusive. He speaks of 'one God,' and 'one Mediator the man Christ Jesus.' The Father is 'omniscient, but communicates the knowledge of future things to Christ: we are to worship the Father alone as God Almighty, and Jesus alone as the Lord, the Messiah, the Great King, the Lamb of God, who was slain and hath redeemed us with his blood, and made us kings and priests.' But though our *presumption* must be against Newton's orthodoxy, even these articles contain matter which leaves the question in some degree open, and which show that he was by no means a full-length Socinian. *Secondly*.—The biographer enters at large into the Flamsteed controversy. We think more importance has been attached to the papers of that astronomer than they really deserve. The notoriety, however, which has been given to the question by Mr. Baily's Memoir, published as the book was under the sanction of the Admiralty Commissioners and at the national expense, rendered some vindication necessary. Flamsteed charges Newton and Halley with breach of faith in printing his *Observations*, contrary to certain conditions upon which the parties had agreed. There are a number of minor counts in the indictment, as, for instance, that he, the said Isaac Newton, had, on a certain occasion, called him, the said Flamsteed, various opprobrious names, whereof 'puppy' was the least. Now let it be observed that these accusations are contained in private letters and autobiographical papers, which never underwent the scrutiny of contemporary criticism, but slumbered on the shelves of the Royal Observatory till the year 1832. Flamsteed is his own witness against Newton. And Flamsteed, it must be admitted, was a jealous, suspicious, irritable man. Fortunately for Newton, the letters carry their own corrective in the manifest spite with which some of them are composed. We believe that no lawyer who had received a brief in the cause of the astronomer-royal would have hesitated for a moment to draw a strong inference against his client from the mere perusal of his correspond-

ence. It is not simply that he writes in a spirit of almost childish petulance, but there is such a palpable determination evinced to make the worst of the matter, that you lose all faith in his candor, and feel it a duty to guard against the gloss which he puts on the transactions. He is like a man who has a small grievance to avenge, but is so conscious of its insufficiency that he is compelled to eke it out by all manner of random reflections upon his enemies. His letter to Newton of the 24th of Feb. 1691-2, in which he covers Halley with abuse, reads like the effusion of a schoolboy who is discharging all the venom of the last half-year by rehearing the piccadilloes of his rival in the most taunting terms. His distrustful nature leads him to suspect a trick in everything. He talks in one of his papers of Newton's 'vexations pretences'—his disingenuous and malicious practices'—'his cunning forecasts'—and 'his malicious designs'—all in the compass of a few lines, as if anxious to convince his own mind by sheer force of reiteration. Besides, Flamsteed, however clever at abuse, is sadly deficient in the arts of advocacy. His honest bungling does him considerable credit. In one account which he gives of the interview when the awful word 'puppy' was perpetrated, it appears that the astronomer had just charged Newton and his associates with *robbing* him of his *labor*; and from another of his own accounts it seems that Flamsteed was reported to have called the philosopher an *Atheist*. Need it surprise us, then, if Newton, who had his little infirmities of temper like ordinary mortals, took fire at such accusations? and though Flamsteed says that he never impugned his rival's religion, yet he adds, in a sentence which reveals his character with singular significance, 'but I know what other people have said of a paragraph in his *Optics*, which probably occasioned this suggestion [of Atheism]. I thought it not worth while to say anything in answer to this reproach. I hope he is none.' It seems, therefore, that the astronomer allowed Newton to continue under the impression that he had really concurred in the charge of infidelity, though he benevolently hoped that it was unfounded:—in other words, we learn from Flamsteed's own lips that he was willing to appear as the accuser of Newton, and this on one of the gravest of questions, although he had no positive assurance that the accusation was just, and actually trusts that it is untrue! We make no doubt that the astronomer was poorly paid by Government, and it may be that the committee and Royal visitors did not treat his catalogue with fairness, but so far as the charges against Newton rest upon John Flamsteed's papers, alone and unconfirmed, we should be inclined to say that their effect is wholly neutralized by their own virus. *Thirdly*.—A singular question has been raised and recently agitated respecting the chastity of Newton's niece, as if the poor philosopher might possibly be brought in guilty of immorality by conniving at her wickedness. It has been insinuated that the beautiful and witty Catherine Barton was the mistress of Lord Halifax. The evidence against her is, that this nobleman left her money and other property by will. There is also a passage in the anonymous Life of Halifax, where it is alleged that his lordship, after the death of his wife, 'cast his eye upon Miss Barton to be superintendent of his domestic affairs'; but in the same paragraph the writer asserts that she was a woman of strict honor and integrity. Voltaire also couples Newton's advancement with the fact that he possessed a *jolie nièce*, but without venturing to impugn her reputation. We must decline the slightest discussion upon such a question. If a lady's character is to be sacrificed

We cannot omit some specific allusion to Newton *the thinker*. It is encouraging to remember that this great man ascribed all his successes to patient, plodding reflection. Few require to be told how he was accustomed to fix his mind intently upon a question, enveloped as it might be in midnight obscurity, and then to wait and watch until the light broke in upon him by degrees, and the whole subject lay before him, glittering in the purple tints, and dawning glories of the day. It was only by little and little, as Johnson observes, that the intellect, even of a Newton, gained ground upon the surrounding darkness. We love to picture the philosopher seated at the side of his bed, with his clothes half donned, arrested in the act of dressing by some great conception, and thus continuing for hours together, his limbs, as it were, in a state of catalepsy, but his brain working like a steam-engine. Who will not recal the figure of Socrates, when rooted to the soil by some fine speculation, and so remaining whilst day declines and night runs its dusky course, and the sun returns to beat scorchingly upon that uncovered head? And who that reads how Dr. Stukely ate the chicken intended for Newton's meal, and replaced the cover over the picked skeleton, will not, whilst chuckling at the trick, feel some compassion for the poor duped philosopher, who fancies that he must have dined, though utterly oblivious of the fact? It is pleasant also to hear how he would rise in the morning, full of satisfaction at having mastered some proposition, though he had lost a whole night's sleep in chase of the solution. Newton's ardor and industry were as conspicuous as his intelligence. A comet which appeared in 1664 kept him so much from his couch, that his health was seriously impaired. On one occasion he became alarmed for the safety of his eyes, in consequence of his rash observations on the spectra produced by the sun, being compelled to confine himself in a dark room for days together till the solar ghosts had vanished. His study of the lunar irregularities involved him in astonishing toil, and our satellite made his head ache so fiercely that at one time he resolved to let her alone; but ere long we find him expressing his determination to have another stroke at the moon. In the mere drudgery of copying or correcting, he seems to have displayed remarkable assiduity. Amongst his papers, his biographer met with transcripts of some alchemical works, and with annotations upon others, besides copious extracts. Many of his own compositions seem to have been remodelled time after time. One chapter in his *Chronology* he is said to have written over not less than eighteen

upon such wretched data as these, and a cast of the eye is to have such criminating power, Diana herself could not have walked the earth without a damaged name.

times. Here is a fine lesson for those who think that genius may dispense with diligence, and work out its results by the lightning gleams of inspiration alone!

Observe, too, that though Newton has left mankind such a majestic system of the universe, it would be impossible to name a philosopher who was less the slave of his own creations. He was perfectly willing that the fair fabric he had reared should be shattered, if it should prove untrue to facts and nature.

Conduit relates how Molyneux and Bradley, having discovered 'a certain nutation of the earth' for which they could not account, concluded that the Newtonian system must be abandoned. But who would venture to intimate the mournful fact to Sir Isaac? How communicate a circumstance which would probably reduce his magnificent universe to chaos again? Like a man conveying the news of some dreadful disaster, Molyneux, in the 'softest manner' possible, broke the intelligence 'by degrees' to the unconscious victim. Strange to say, the philosopher did not swoon. He did not even turn pale. *No tant pis pour les faits* burst from his lips; but with as much calmness as if a mere momentary fancy had been placed in jeopardy, or as if the messenger had come to announce that the kingdom of Utopia could not be discovered, he exclaimed—'It may be so: there is no arguing against facts and experiments.' Mr. Molyneux does not appear to have understood his man. Newton was not a mere builder of theories, running up his piles with complacent rapidity, and then gazing upon his handiwork as a thing which it would be sacrilegious to touch. In tracing the history of ancient philosophy, we expect a new system of the universe with every new teacher who arises. The heavens are undergoing perpetual tinkering. They are revised and remodelled by each fresh speculator who steps upon the stage. From Thales to Descartes, every philosopher of note makes it a point to show us what a choice little Uranium he can construct. But, as Voltaire said of his countryman, though he regarded him: *comme le premier génie de son siècle, autre chose est d'admirer, autre chose est de croire!* How different with Newton! The Frenchman's vortices were swept away like cobwebs from the skies. The Englishman built for eternity. His was no aërial architecture. He drew his data from the quarries of Truth. The marble of Nature was the material with which he wrought. Each stone was chiselled by the hand of Experiment, and fixed with the mortar of Demonstration. Based upon the granite foundations of Fact, the lordly fabric arose, more perfect and imposing than mortal eye had yet beheld; and still it stands, with its pinnacles glittering in the sunshine of Science, whilst hundreds of structures reared by noisier artificers have

long crumbled into oblivion, or vanished like phantoms in the advancing light of day.

And yet how modest was Newton's appraisement of his own labors—how deep was the spirit of veneration in which they were pursued! The day in which he lived was not one of small things. He was surrounded by men like Boyle, Hooke, Wren, Wallis, Wilkins, Halley, Keill, Cotes, at home, not to mention Huyghens, Leibnitz, the Bernoullis, and others, abroad. Yet taller in mental stature than the loftiest of his contemporaries—towering above these sons of philosophy like Saul amongst his subjects—he could humbly suggest that if in anything he had seen further than they had done, it was by standing on the shoulders of giants. Beautiful as this remark may be, it is nothing to his own well-known comparison of himself to a child playing on the beach of the great ocean of Truth, and picking up a few fairer shells than the rest. That image is immortal. It will never be effaced from the memory of mankind. It carries with it a moral which ought to furnish a complete cure for conceit. Send a vain man down to the shores of that boundless sea—let him pace its sands and listen to the majestic music of its waves—let him gaze upon those waters which no mortal keel has cut, and towards that horizon whose secrets the intellect longs so ardently, but so hopelessly, to explore—and if he does not catch something of Newton's spirit, and return chastened and subdued, the poison of vanity and presumption must have taken deadly hold upon his heart.

Yet we feel inclined to quarrel with the image when we consider what Newton really did. What man ever accomplished so stupendous a Voyage of Discovery as he undertook? He was the Columbus of the skies. See him pushing off from our planet, with the compass of gravity to guide him in his course. He makes for the nearest island in the ethereal

main, and is the first who finds philosophical footing upon that beautiful orb. There he is enabled to test the great principle of attraction, and to ascertain its far-reaching influences by positive proof. Having finished his observations, this daring navigator proceeds on his expedition, anchoring at planet after planet, and even mooring himself to the mysterious comet to gather some information for his fellow-men. Thus he sails into the farthest region which was then accessible to his barque, and on his return to Earth we may imagine how Christian and sceptic would crowd round the hardy adventurer, and await his reply to the question which flutters in every heart, though it may not fall from every lip: "You who have passed the Pillars of Hercules—who have 'doubled wide heaven's mighty capes'—who have wandered from globe to globe—who have safely buffeted the billows of Immensity—tell us, have you found traces of a Deity, have you seen the foot-prints of a Creator?" Thus solemnly adjured, how does the bold mariner respond? Not by repeating the fool's brief creed, "There is no God." Not by rearing an altar to some nonentity which he childishly deifies under the title of "Chance." But, entering the Temple of the true Jehovah, he bends his knee, and with a heart as lowly as that of the humblest and least lettered of his race, presents the fruits of his labors, the golden spoils of his expedition. And lifting his voice, he tells mankind that the Heavens have but one speech, and everywhere declare the glory of God—that the firmament is full of tongues of fire which continually set forth his handiwork—that there is no sun or satellite where the story of His perfections is not heard—and that in every part of the universe the starry songsters unite in the great hymn of adoration, "Hallelujah, for the Lord God Omnipotent 'reigneth'!" "By the word of the Lord the Heavens were 'made, and all the host of them by the breath of His mouth'"

WOULD YOU BE YOUNG AGAIN?

Air—*Ailen Aroon.*

WOULD you be young again?
So would not I—
One tear to memory given,
Onward I'd hie.
Life's dark flood forded o'er,
All but at rest on shore,
Say, would you plunge once more,
With home so nigh?

If you might, would you now
Retrace your way?

Wander through stormy wilds,
Faint and astray?
Night's gloomy watches fled,
Morning all beaming red,
Hope's smiles around us shed,
Heavenward—away.

Where, then, are those dear ones,
Our joy and delight?
Dear and more dear though now
Hidden from sight.

Where they rejoice to be,
There is the land for me;
Fly, time, fly speedily;
Come, life and light. *Lady Nairn.*

From the Press.

Sporting Adventures in the New World; or, Days and Nights of Moose-hunting in the Pine Forests of Acadia. By Lieut. Campbell Hardy. London : Hurst & Blackett.

A GOOD BOOK of wild sports is attractive at any time. As we read the fresh narratives of adventurous sportsmen who, forsaking the hackneyed preserves of the old country, seek for more perilous sport and nobler game in other lands, all the dangers, troubles, and inconveniences of camp life are forgotten in a moment. We scent the fresh air of the forest; we feel the cool hill breezes fluttering past us, and hear the murmurs of the mountain falls as they rend their changeable ways o'er rocky steeps; we see the bark hut of the sportsman pitched on the sloping bank of some clear patient stream winding sleekly along the foot of the ranges, while the thin blue smoke of the camp-fire lazily curls in vapory wreaths among the broad interlacing branches, and the vast forest stretches away in the background o'er mountain and plain in majestic masses of dark foliage. In presence of such images, the natural love of sport, and the desire for the freedom of bush life, overcome all other feelings. The closeness of a town appears stifling, the restraints of civilized life look ridiculous, and you long for fresh air and freedom, while you envy the sportsmen whose lot leads them to chase elephants in Ceylon, buffalo in North America, or moose deer in Nova Scotia.

Lieutenant Hardy, the author of these volumes, being stationed at Halifax, appears to have made several incursions to the forests of Nova Scotia for the purpose of hunting the moose. The forests of Nova Scotia abound in moose, cariboo, bears, wolves, woodcock, partridge, snipe, and wild duck, while the rivers are teeming with salmon and other fish, so that his sport was of the best kind, and in the details which he has given us there is much to interest and amuse. He is a thorough sportsman, patient, skilful, and active, and relates his adventures with the gusto of a man who enjoys the life. The moose deer, which is the principal subject of these volumes, is the monarch of the North American forests, which boast of no lions, tigers, or elephants. At full growth the bull-moose looks tall on the legs, with short neck and disproportionate long head, with massive and palmated antlers, large black expressive eyes, and with a dark-brown or glossy black bristly coat. He stands about seventeen hands high, and weighs from a thousand to twelve hundred pounds. Though very shy and wild, they are easily tamed if caught young, and speedily become the most domestic of pets. The author was fortunate enough to obtain one young calf, which was so tame —

that he would come into a room and jump several times over chairs, backwards and forwards, for a piece of bread. He had a great penchant for tobacco-smoke, which, if puffed in his face, would cause him to rub his head with great satisfaction against the individual.

His gambols were sometimes very amusing. Throwing back his ears and dropping the under jaw, he would gallop madly up and down on a grass-plot, now and then rearing up on his hind legs, and striking ferociously with his fore feet at the trunks of trees, or anything within reach, varying the amusement by an occasional shy and kick behind at some imaginary object. No palings could keep him from gardens, in which, when not watched, he would constantly be found, revelling on the boughs of currant and lilac bushes; in fact, tasting fruit and flowers most indiscriminately. On being approached for the purpose of being turned out, the canning little brute would immediately lie down; from which position (his hide being as callous as that of a jackass) he could be got up with difficulty.

In hunting moose there are five methods, says Lieutenant Hardy: stalking them, calling them, running them down in snow-shoes, hunting them with dogs, or snaring them. The first three are "orthodox;" the last two "rank poaching;" while the best period of the year for sport is at the fall: —

The bull is, at this season, in his full vigor, and is truly a noble animal to behold. Adorned with massive antlers, and evincing a roaming, wild, and sometimes fierce disposition, there is more excitement attendant on shooting a bull-moose in the fall, than at any other time of the year.

The delicious days and mild nights, particularly during the Indian summer, are much preferable to the cold, variable weather of the winter; while the science and wood-craft displayed by the Indian hunter in discovering and following a moose track, in places where, even by the closest scrutiny, the eye of the white man cannot distinguish the foot-print; and the delightful ease of walking in moccasins over the elastic carpeting of moss in the fir forests, and on the soft, moist, newly-fallen leaves in the hard woods, give to this season undeniable precedence.

In the fall, too, additional sport may be obtained at night, and sometimes even during the day, by calling the bull-moose. Most of the Indians, who make it their business to accompany the sportsman into the woods, are good hands at calling. The moose "call" is a trumpet, made by rolling a sheet of birch-bark into a cone. No material has been found to equal birch-bark for this purpose. Metal will not answer, producing a sound too shrill and ringing. The Indian commences to call at sundown, ceasing when it becomes dark, till moonrise, as a moose coming up when there was not sufficient light to see along the barrels would almost certainly escape.

The very best time to call is towards morning — for an hour before dawn, and for a short time

after daybreak. At this time moose appear to be less cautious, and more eager to answer the call than they are in the early part of the night.

Nothing can be more productive of feelings of excitement than sitting, wrapped in blankets, on the edge of a forest-girt plain, the moon peering through mists of gently-falling dew and faintly illuminating the wild scene, now flashing on the white surface of a granite boulder, and then sparkling in the water of the swamp, and on the bedewed mounds of moss, and clumps of ground-laurels; nothing can be more exciting, when the wild notes of the Indian's call, rending the calm air, have dispersed over the echoing forest, than the succeeding moments of listening for an answer.

You scarcely believed your ears to have been capable of such exertion, if so it may be termed.

And then, when far away from over the hills and through the dense fir-forests comes the booming answer of a bull-moose, when you hear the distant crashing of branches and the rattling the massive antlers against the trees, and when at length the monarch of the American forest emerges from the woods, and stands snorting and bellowing on the open barren, his proportions looming gigantic through the hazy atmosphere—then does the blood course through your veins as it never did before; and, scarcely knowing what is about to happen, you grasp the ready rifle and crouch in the protecting bushes.

In their first adventures, after many unsuccessful efforts, the moose always scenting them, the Lieutenant and his Indian at last hit off a good track.

We turned into the woods, at nearly the same spot that Williams and myself had done the day before, and soon found the fresh track of an immense herd of moose.

The wind now blew steadily, and made melancholy music among the branches of the lofty hemlocks through which the chase led us, drowning the crackling of the frozen snow under our moccasins. Still, our utmost caution was necessary; for the fine ear of the moose will, even in a gale of wind, detect the snapping of the smallest twig, or any noise foreign to the natural sounds of the forest, at a great distance.

Now is the time to see the Indian in his element and on his mettle. See how his eyes glisten, as he bends down and scrutinizes the tall, slender stem of a young maple, the red, juicy top of which has been bitten off at the height of some nine or ten feet from the ground. Now he stops and fingers the track, crumbling the lumps of snow dislodged by the huge foot, to tell the very minutes that have elapsed since the animal stood there.

On we go, every foot stepping in the track of the leading Indian, our arms employed in carefully drawing aside the branches which impede our progress, and preventing the barrels of our guns from noisy contact with the stems or boughs

of the trees. The dense shrubbery of stunted evergreens, through which we had been worming our way for the last twenty minutes, appeared to be getting thinner, and we were about to emerge into an open space, with clumps of young hard-wood interspersed through a lofty grove of pines and hemlocks, when Williams suddenly withdrew his foot from a step which would have exposed him, and stepped behind a young spruce, his excited face beaming with delight as he beckoned me to advance.

There stood, or reposed, the stupendous animal in every variety of posture: some were feeding, others standing lazily chewing the cud, and flapping their broad ears, now and then stopping to snatch a mouthful of the pure snow. About fifty yards distant, in a clump of tall dead ferns and briars, stood a huge bull, with a splendid coat. Levelling at him, I discharged both barrels of my smooth-bore, one at and the other behind the shoulder. He dropped, and the rest of the yard, discovering their foes, plunged off through the bushes, knocking over the dead trees in their way as if they had been ninepins.

An exciting chase follows, for the bull has yet life enough in him to lead them a hard gallop for some miles. But the most interesting phase of moose-shooting is "calling" the moose, and hearing the noble beast crush through bush and brier, grunting and roaring, in answer to the call: —

Paul commenced operations, by cautiously ascending a tall spruce fir which stood a few yards from the camp, and seated himself on a contorted branch near the top. Breaking off a dead bough with a loud snap, to imitate a moose walking through thick cover, he applied the call to his lips, and gave a short, low "quoh."

A few minutes' pause, and he broke two or three branches in sharp succession, uttering another "quoh" louder than the first. Then drawing a long breath, he commenced the plaintive cry, gradually increasing in intensity and force, which the lonely cow-moose is supposed to utter to attract the attention of her consort.

Away went the "call," reverberating through the stems of the forest trees, and left us restraining our breath and listening for the slightest sound it return. Nothing came, however, till a gust of wind, gathering in the distant hills, came rushing on through the forest, making the tall pines bend as it passed over us.

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Suddenly Paul and I look at each other. We had both heard it. I hear it again, and this time quite plain.

"Quoh, quoh, quoh."

It is an answer. Paul at once drops his call into the laurels, and rapidly descends the tree.

"How far is he off, Paul? How far is he off?" whispered I, fumbling in my excitement for a fresh cap.

"Quite handy, not more than quarter-mile away. Come here, and no move till I tell you," said the Indian, dragging me quickly back to a clump of young spruces behind, in which we

crouched for shelter from the quick sight of the wary brute.

* * * * *

We heard the twigs snap, and the rustling of his feet in the laurels. He seemed to be making a detour. Suddenly he uttered a roar, the counterpart of the sound uttered by the moose I had wounded, and crashing through the thicket, left us no hope of obtaining a shot at him.

"Bad job, Jim," said I.

"Oh, sarten. I 'most afraid when I hear um first, he would fix us. He come across our tracks, and started when he smell um — very angry, very much disgust."

Besides moose-hunting, Lieutenant Hardy enjoyed on his different tours some of the finest salmon-fishing that could be desired. The numerous rivers and lakes swarm with noble fish, which will take anything from the finest silk-fly to a bit of red jersey, and afford good sport. In these two volumes there is

no pretension to fine descriptive writing; it is merely a plain, spirited record of sporting adventures, very entertaining and well worthy the attention of all sportsmen who desire some fresher field than Europe can afford them. In the woods and rivers of Nova Scotia they will find abundance of game, from the moose to the beaver, and from the smelt to the salmon of fifty pounds weight. In seeing such sportsmen become the unconscious pioneers of civilization; while they enjoy their own amusement they attract attention to the country, and lay the foundation of settlement, clearance, and cultivation. We have only one fault to find with Mr. Hardy, and that is, the want of a map. No sportsman, traveller, or explorer should publish his adventures without a map; for there is nothing like a plan, no matter upon how rough a scale, to give form and shape to ideas, and to extend knowledge of the locality.

THE ANCIENT EMBANKMENT OF THE THAMES.—The embankment of the river, a most gigantic work, was, although we have no particular account, executed, or at least directed, by the Romans. Few of the thousands who enter the Thames think that the great stream on which vessels of the largest size are afloat, is, in fact, an artificial canal, raised in many places considerably above the level of the surrounding country. It is a wonderful work, and it is singular that we should have no record of its first execution. The artificial bank of river extends, either on one side of the river or the other, almost from the Nore to Richmond in Surrey, and some judgment may be formed of its magnitude, by the difficulty of repairing a breach made by a high and violent tide at Dagenham in Essex. On this occasion (1707) a breach was made in this bank of the river of 100 yards wide, and nearly 20 feet deep, by which alarming accident 1000 acres of rich land in Dagenham level were overflowed, and nearly 120 acres of land washed into the Thames, forming a sandbank nearly a mile in length, that extended over one half of the channel. After several unsuccessful attempts, Captain Perry, who had been employed in similar works by the Czar Peter, in Russia, at an enormous expense and with much difficulty, completed a wall. It is difficult to estimate the advantages of the Thames embankment. After that was completed, many districts would be gradually gained from the waters; and Thorney Island (the site of Westminster Abbey), a small place, partly covered with scrubby bushes, and, on which at an early period a hermit established his cell, extended in various directions. South-

wark also increased; but then Lambeth, Vauxhall, and Battersea, now occupied by so many thousands, were under water, as was the greater portion of the land from Wandsworth to Woolwich, to Dartford, to Gravesend, and to Sheerness; and from the north range from Poplar to the Isle of Dogs.—*The Builder.*

OLD FRIENDS* AND OLD TIMES.

Thinking of old times,
Hopes ne'er to be;
Speaking of old friends
Far o'er the sea:
Distance can change not
Dear ones like you;
Fortune estrange not
Hearts that are true!
Thus, in the twilight,
Fond thoughts will stray
Back to the old homes—
Homes far away!

Oh! 'mid the old friends
I no more see,
Is there a kind thought
Ever for me?
If there's but one hope,
One wish, though vain,
If there's but one sigh,
I'll not complain.
Thus, in the twilight,
Tears oft will stray,
Thinking of old friends,
Friends far away.—*Charles Swain.*

From Chambers's Journal.

THE TURKISH GENTRY AT HOME.

If travellers contradict each other flatly in matters of fact—in matters depending on the testimony of their own eyes and ears—it is no wonder they should take opposite sides in questions either of individual or national character. But here is something that puzzles us. If we were told that the Turks, like other people, had redeeming qualities, we could understand; but when an author gravely assures us that they have no positively bad qualities to redeem, we do not know what to make of it. Mr. Trenery is that author. With him, the sole drawback in the character of a Turkish gentleman is the want of what he calls spirituality; while a Turkish lady would be perfection itself, were it not that her higher nature is obscured by a little ignorance. His book describes the life of the harem—the Turkish gentry literally at home; and if his pictures are colored with rose-tints and gold, they are at least novel and amusing in no common degree.*

The Turkish gentleman, being a person of exquisite taste, has of course a dwelling-house constructed on strictly aesthetical principles. The one into which we are first introduced is the property of a certain Mustapha Effendi, a quiet, gentlemanly Osmanli; it is on the edge of the Bosphorus, and is built in "the pure, but exceedingly picturesque style of Turkish architecture." On one side, the walls rise out of a lake hollowed in white marble, the material with which, likewise, the surrounding courts are paved; and in the midst of these is a fountain, with its thousand jets, and its multitudes of gold-fishes. The buildings are environed with orange-trees, palms, limes, and terraces of all sorts of gorgeous flowers. The morning-room is lighted by windows that open upon a terrace of flowers, interspersed with marble walks. In the centre of the terrace is a lofty ledge of artificial rocks, with a stream cascading over them, and falling from basin to basin to the number of twelve, the waters widening as they fall till they expand into a large sheet. "Through the spray formed in the descent, the sunbeams shone; thus creating a perpetual rainbow, within whose fairy circle, you sat on a marble bench, surrounded by a carefully arranged group of shrubs and blossoms—all bathed, like yourself, in softened sunshine and prismatic colors." The drapery of the room, covering the walls as well as the furniture, is of rich white satin damask; and the roof is of pale blue, ribbed with gold, and studded with gold stars. The saloon is a much longer room, "hung with orange velvet, worked and fringed—

* The City of the Crescent; with Pictures of Harem Life: or the Turks in 1854. By Gordon O. L. Gordon Trenery, Esq. London: Skeet. 1855.

ed with gold; cushions of purple silk *crêpe*, brocaded with gold; tables covered with cloths woven throughout of gold and silver tissue; carpets of orange ground, through which run wreaths of pink, and green, and purple flowers; sofa, cushions and pillows of white satin; walls of plate-glass and gold-carving."

This is the reception of the visitors: "Our caïque drew up in the shadow of a row of plane-trees, where a path from Mustapha Effendi's house descended to the water. A slave saw our approach, and immediately ran indoors. A moment more, and Yasumi Hanoum, Mustapha's young wife, came running down the terrace to the caïque. My sister rose, and stepped on to the landing-place. Yasumi took her hand, and kissed the hem of her dress; the two being the greatest marks of affection which an Eastern lady can exhibit.

"Shekier Al'lâh!—God be praised!—you are come!" said she, in those soft melodious tones which make the voice of an Osmanli woman seem almost music. "You are very kind to come here to see me. I love you very much! and hope you will be able to love the simple Osmanli. May I love you?"

"How glad I shall be if you will! I hope you will love me dearly," said my sister, smiling affectionately upon her.

"And you will love me, too?"

"I shall only love you too much;" and she threw her arms around Yasumi's neck fondly, then raised her hand to her lips.

"You are very good. You shall have all my heart. Now, come; my husband will be impatient if we do not haste."

Here is the portrait of this young wife: "Yasumi—Jasmine—Hanoum was a beautiful Circassian, of scarcely seventeen years. Her complexion was unsullied as the daylight; with a lovely pink on each cheek: and her skin was soft, delicately soft, as the interior of a violet's leaf. Her nose was long, straight, and nobly formed. Her features were exceeding lovely; but the best of all was the expression of the soul's glory that shone through them so exaltingly. Her head was formed after the most magnificent Caucasian type, which few need be told is the same as—rather, it is the parent of—the English; and is the very highest organization presented by the head of the human race. The forehead was wide and lofty; its flowing line was of genius and of grace, and expressed a regal dignity that stamped her one of nature's queens. Her hair was thick, dark, and glossy; but, after the fashion of Osmanli women, greatly disfigured by being cut short and square just below the ears."

In another room, still more gorgeous than the rest, the master of the house appears, sitting on a sofa, and almost hid in its cushions.

On each side of him is one of his womankind, refilling his pipe, and presenting coffee to him. In a corner of the room is a young Greek singing to the accompaniment of her mandolin, while two dancing-girls keep time with their graceful movements and their castanets. "The Selictar-Aga had gone in before us to announce our arrival, and also that we were on the way to the apartment in which our host sat. As we pushed aside the drapery from the door, he rose to a sitting posture, and fixed his eyes straight upon the carpet before him. Yasumi walked on, still leading my sister by the hand. When we had advanced about one-third of the length of the room towards him, he looked up with a sweet smile, which smile did not relax until Yasumi reached the cushion; then falling on one knee, she said:—

"I bring you our friends again, my lord. Bid them welcome from their beautiful Frangistan!"

"Sel'lâh Al'lâh!—praise be to God!" said Mustapha. "Bouroun—you are welcome—quite welcome. Tihat l'accin ittar gouzum—look graciously, and sit, my eyes!" said he to my sister."

The host is very hospitable in offering a pipe to his lady-visitor, but confesses his ignorance of the manners of Frangistan. The strangers are frankly permitted to introduce two of their friends, Mrs. E.—and her husband; and soon dinner is announced by a young Circassian, who comes tripping in, and falls on her knees before Mustapha.

"Mashal'lâh! I am told that your ways in Frangistan are peculiar," said Mustapha rising. "How you act on such an occasion in England, I know not; but in Roum—Turkey—all we do is to walk into the room one after another, the men taking precedence, as it is good and seemly to do."

"Will madam allow me?" said Mrs. E.'s husband to my sister, at the same time presenting her his arm with a bend as stiff and formal as his own cravat.

"Al'lâh ükbur!—God is great!" cried Mustapha; "what am I to do?"

"Be my escort, Efendi," said Mrs. E.—, resting her arm on his rich pelisse.

"Then I will take Yasumi," I said; "with a proviso, that her husband shall not be jealous," I whispered aside.

"That, I am sure, he will not be!" said Yasumi, with sparkling eyes. "He has a soul purer than the light, and more loving than the daffodil for its own shadow. I love him, for he is good."

"And times are changing, even in Turkey, Hanoum."

Changing, indeed! "Upon three silver trays, each placed on a stand eighteen inches high, the meal was to be served. Cushions of

the most delicate pink and sky-blue satin, embroidered with gold and silver, and colored silks, were strewed around them. Beside every cushion lay two napkins of the finest white muslin, exquisitely wrought with silks, and golden birds and flowers. A row of slaves, reaching from the furthest tray to the door, passed the dishes from hand to hand, up to the last one, who presented it to Yasumi, meekly kneeling on the carpet.

We all were led to a cushion, each by one of the attending slaves. The napkins were carefully spread upon our knees; warm rose-water was poured from a golden ewer over the hands of all. Then the repast commenced, every one helping himself from the dish in the centre, by taking from any part of it that which was most pleasing to his eye.

The Osmanlis are very fond of variety in their food. The number of courses at a private dinner is generally fifteen, yet it does not last so long as the like meal in England. Seldom does any one take from the same dish twice. The slaves remove them as fast as they are done with, and put the next course upon the table. During the evening, the time is filled up at intervals, as elsewhere, with conversation. "The sipping of coffee proceeded, the dances were kept up in full spirit, the music continued, and the massaljis still kept us laughing by their tales. Then the hour for repose came on, and all the household was hushed in sleep. Our beds were formed in the Osmanli fashion of cushions of orange-colored silk, embroidered with gold, and filled with the softest down. Over us was lightly drawn a sheet of blue silk gauze, b.illiantly marked by crimson stripes, and a coverlet of pale violet silk, worked with azure and golden flowers. Everything was made of the richest materials; and the beautiful silk gauze, airy as the rainbow, spiritual as an Italian summer-cloud, claimed our especial admiration of its truly Oriental luxury and magnificence."

Such is a glimpse of the Osmanli gentlemen at home. We come now more especially to the ladies. "The Osmanli ladies do not sit cross-legged, as is often supposed. The legs are folded beneath them, after the fashion of a person kneeling, and then sitting down upon the heels. The toes of the feet are turned inwards and touch each other. Never do you see an Osmanli with her legs dangling over the edge of the cushion. To expose these parts of the person whilst sitting is considered indelicate." The lady who calls forth this passing explanation now begins to ask the usual questions of an Osmanli woman on your first introduction to her at home. "And the two-legged donkey," adds our author, "who presumes on her simplicity, by making any other than those courteous answers due from

a gentleman to a lady, claiming his kindness and attention, will assuredly have his delinquency punished as it deserves. The Osmanli woman lives for nothing but love, and always finishes her salutations to a new friend, though she be but a slave freshly brought home to the house, by imploring her to love her.

"Look on me. Do you love me?" asked she.

"Not to love you would be to possess a very indifferent taste, or no taste at all."

"It is enough, and you are very kind to say it, light of my soul!" returned she. "Am I not pretty? What do you think of me?"

"You are lovelier than the daughters of Peristan; your beauty is more glorious than the noonday sky; your cheek is softer than the first flower of spring; your face is fairer than the snow-flake upon a mountain; your hands are like pearls; your eyes are like moons; your lips are like rubies, newly washed in the Boulak; your teeth are like diamonds from the valleys of Nishapore; your smile is softer than the light of the evening-star; and your presence is sweeter to the soul than a sunbeam breaking through a dark cloud! I have spoken, Kadeun." And I smiled a quiet smile in her innocent eyes, quite convinced that I had flattered strong enough to please even an Eastern lady.

"Inshâ'lâh!—I trust in God!—You are no Giaour!" exclaimed she; "else, where did you learn to speak so like a good Muslem?"

"Have you never heard how wise the Giaours are? That they leave no lore untouched?"

"Mashâ'lâh! And I like to hear them talk, too! Adjaib ust! It is wonderful! I am told that the books they write are more beautiful than music, and fill the soul with love, till it enters the seventh Paradise. Is that true, sir?"

"In spirit, it is very nearly so."

"You are good, and I like you!" and, with a sweet simplicity, she went through the usual and graceful salaam, as I made the temina in acknowledgment of the compliment."

One curious effect of the seclusion in which a Turkish woman, whether married or unmarried, usually lives is, that love-advances must always come from her. The man would not presume to notice her—and, besides, it would be vulgar to do so. Hence the language of flowers, of which the following specimen is given by our author:—

"Am I not pretty?" and she holds up a white lotus.

He holds up a flower of Paradise. "You are lovelier than the houries in Korkham—Paradise."

"Do you love to look upon me?" asked by presenting a blush-rose.

"As the tiger-lily loves to gaze upon its own shadow."

"Can you love me?" and she shows a daffodil.

"As the daisy loves the sun!" and he turns towards her the flower in question.

"Would you die for my sake?" and she pulls a rosebud in two parts.

"I would submit my neck to the bowstring without a murmur;" and he pulls off the head of a yellow geranium, or a violet.

"You are good, and I love you!" and she shows him a jasmine.

He makes the temina with the rapidity of lightning.

"Will you be my husband?" She pulls a hair from her head, and winds it round the jasmine.

He picks out a rose, and holds it with the flower pointing downwards to the earth.

"I cannot live without you; but if you refuse to have me, I shall die."

She takes a sunflower, and holds it by the side of the jasmine.

"Meet me to-night, at twilight:" now a lily is quickly added; "by the fountain:" a grape-tendril, or a moss-rose; "in the kiosk:" a peach, or any delicate fruit that is in season; "near the wall:" or if she holds up a single green leaf plucked from one of the flowers, she says, "the kiosk is on the banks of the Bosphorus;" or, if she gathers her flowers into a bunch, and points the tip of her finger to the centre, it means, "the kiosk is in the midst of the garden." If she removes her finger, and then points a second time, "surrounded by trees." Then a lavender-bud, "there is nothing to fear." But a white rose is, "be as careful as you can." And then she readjusts her yashmak, which is, "There will be a mark where you should climb."

The mystery of the harem, however, is now fast disappearing, and with it, we trust, will disappear the unspirituality of the men and the ignorance of the women. "One Osmanli allows his wives to come to meals with him in the salem-liek [men's apartments]; or he, and his children also, go to the harem, and take them there. Another Osmanli permits them to live in the salem-liek, or harem, indiscriminately: only, they must remember to make their hastiest flight on the announcement of that spectre—a man. But other Osmanlis are learning to sneer at all this nonsense, and suffer their wives at their daughters—after the fashion of those worthy Turks of whom I have written—to appear in the salem-liek, and talk to any of mankind who may come there, whenever they will; only requiring that they shall never enter our presence without having their yashmaks strictly arranged, and being careful to see that some other person—a slave at least—is in the room."

From The New York Observer.

A CITY IN THE WILDERNESS.

THERE was evidently a slight discrepancy between the City of Superior as it appeared on paper, and the City of Superior as it opened to our view, after entering the harbor at Fond du Lac. Spread out *on the table*, was a vast map, on which appeared spacious avenues and squares, a long line of piers stretching from the St. Louis to the Nemadji river, and a Railroad depot of almost fabulous dimensions.—Spread out *before us*, as we stood on the deck of the steamboat was a single dock, connected with the shore by a rickety bridge of logs, partly resting on the water, and leading to a single street cut through the dense forest, and ornamented with burnt stumps and fallen trees, on which a straggling row of wigwams, shanties and log huts, with here and there a frame house, made up the City of Superior.

Scarcely had the boat been made fast before it was filled with a crowd of Indians, half-breed and white men, in red, blue, and yellow flannel shirts, with faces guiltless of a razor, and who might have passed for respectable savages in any civilized community. Many of our guests, by a sort of spiritual gravitation, soon found their way to the bar-room, where, under the influence of cards and whiskey, they easily succeeded in getting into a general quarrel, closing the eyes of one gentleman, and leaving another in a very pleasant state of unconsciousness, that rendered it for a few moments doubtful whether he had not taken leave of his senses altogether.

Early in the evening unusual preparations in the saloon were apparent, and I learned on inquiry that the town had been invited to a grand ball on board the boat, in honor of her arrival at the City of Superior. I frankly confess to no great relish for such amusements, never having been able to appreciate the sense or the pleasure of spending an evening in saltations to the sound of a fiddle. It is probably owing to a deficiency of early training, having been instructed by parents, who had imbibed the opinion that dancing schools and balls were not absolutely essential to a Christian education. Nor have I been able to see how certain importations of dances, from the dissolute cities and camps of Europe, (which a good Catholic Prelate has called the 'last sigh of expiring virtue') could be practised by any *modest* woman, or looked upon by any *honorable* man without a blush of shame and indignation.

As it was, however, I had the alternative of spending the evening in the cabin, or of stumbling over that long and rough bridge into the woods, already rocking and roaring in the first blasts of a rising tempest. I chose the former, and getting into a corner with a few pleasant

friends, looked out upon the gathering crowd. Hovering around the doors were a group of Indians and squaws, one of whom we learned the next day, had come to look after one whom she claimed as her husband, who had been passing the evening most agreeably as a man of great promise, and who seemed inclined to appropriate to himself entirely one of the party as his partner in the dance, if not for life.

But what a gathering of fashion and beauty did that cabin witness. Even the great astrals that hung over the scene, seemed to wink at each other in high glee, at the sight. The ladies of the boat had thrown open their staterooms as dressing apartments, in one of which a tall and exceedingly thin young woman deposited her infant, not many weeks old, and which her husband watched while she joined in the dance. Her dress was a unique compound of cotton velvet and calico, while a string of glass beads danced and rattled on her neck, as if keeping time with the music. Near by her was a lady of extraordinary dimensions, who laughed, and chatted, and danced, her tongue and feet never standing still for a moment. All around was a crowd of lawyers, colonels, judges, merchants, land agents, and even editors, many of whom were, as Martin Chuzzlewit would have been told, 'the most remarkable men in the country.'—At length all was ready. The sable waiters, now installed as masters of ceremonies, had given their fiddles the preparatory screwing up and letting down, and after a premonitory scrape, called the partners to their places. I am a poor judge of such performances, but I should say that while as a specimen of ground and lofty tumbling this ball was successful; as an exhibition of exceeding grace and skill it was on the whole a failure.

One tall gentleman as he bowed to, and turned an exceedingly short partner, bore no very distant resemblance to what might be the appearance of a rheumatic giraffe. Another was evidently in bodily fear that his feet might trip him up, and so kept them apart like a pair of stout compasses drawing imaginary figures upon the carpet; while a third was making frantic demonstrations of a desire to jump through the ceiling.

Sometimes the whole company became involved in inextricable confusion, and were obliged to take their places and begin again, and then away they went, forward and back, sideways, and across, up and down, the tall and short, the fat and lean, young and old, red dresses and white, fur tippets and calicoes like a gigantic kaleidoscope, bringing out at each turn some new and extraordinary figure, which had never before been seen, heard of, or imagined.

To say that all this afforded no amusement to a small party who were gathered in one

corner of the cabin, would be hardly keeping to the truth. If the dancers enjoyed their performance, the spectators certainly did. It was worth the entrance fee to a show. Such was our introduction to the people of Superior. A demonstration of a somewhat different character would, I confess, have been more to my taste, but under the circumstances none other could be had.

The following morning dawned amid the furious blasts of a northeaster, which detained our boat a day, and gave us an opportunity of overlooking the city. Nature has done much for this place already, but art and architecture are evidently only in their incipient stages.

A point of land stretching down from Minnesota forms a perfect breakwater seven miles long. Within this, two rivers, the St. Louis and the Nemadji, meet and form a magnificent harbor, where sail boats were safely playing about, while the white surges of the lake were piling themselves like mountains upon the outer shore. Here will doubtless be in time an important outlet for commerce towards the west. The least study of its geography will show that when it shall become connected with the Mississippi valley the tide of population that is setting westward, and especially towards Minnesota and Wisconsin, will flow through this channel. The cities of Toronto and Oswego are anticipating this and preparing for it, while the country is rapidly filling with men who foreseeing its prospective greatness, are availing themselves of the tide, which, "taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."

The immense mineral products of this vast region must necessarily ensure for it a rapid increase of wealth and population. But the present appearance of the new City of Superior is by no means imposing as its map and its advertisements would indicate. One broad street, filled with stumps of trees and fallen logs and decaying leaves and mud, has been cut through the forest, on which may be seen here and there a log hut or a shanty, to the number of about one hundred. On every hand are heard the vigorous blows of the woodman's axe, or the saw and hammer of the mechanic. Almost all professions are here represented, and even the press has made its way thither, and found its home in a primitive hut of logs upon the banks of the Nemadji. I had heard of it during the day, and determined to see it. Picking my way over burnt stumps and fallen trees, or sinking into a morass of decaying leaves and wood, I passed about a mile southward through the opening in the forest which they call Second street, and came at length to a cluster of rude log houses, one of which was the office of the *Superior Chronicle*, an enterprising weekly journal scarcely three months old, and yet numbering some six or eight hundred subscri-

bers! It gravely indicates its place of publication as No 15 Robertson avenue, and contains among the items a marine list of arrivals and departures from the Port of Superior, and a business directory of the city, in which law and land offices, groceries and dry goods are advertised, and their location, street and number put down with as much accuracy as though the city was already a perfect labyrinth of avenues and houses.

I like that newspaper office. It is in none of your six story flights, looking down on hot and dusty streets, on piles of brick and mortar, and prying into the chimneys of some less aspiring neighbor, but a beautiful quiet nook, where a man may think without the fear of interruption, and gather inspiration from the waving trees, the song of birds, and the whispering wind. I stood there as if spell bound. The storm was howling through those grand old woods, and turning them into a vast organ, while the thunder of the huge breakers that were wildly dashing along the shore formed a deep bass to the mighty anthem that was rolling up toward heaven. Around me the trees were swaying and rocking in the wind, and tossing up their strong arms in stern defiance of the tempest, while the lake, roused to madness, was chafing and vexing the shore, and its wild waves rising and falling with a stately grandeur as if instinct with life and conscious of their power. Yet nearer by, the beautiful Nemadji was peacefully reposing within its sheltering banks, where it nestles like an infant upon its mother's breast, unconscious of the storm that was raging without.

Returning homeward, I paused to visit a fellow voyager, a young Englishman, who had already erected his tent in the woods, through which might be obtained on the one hand a distant view of a cluster of wigwams, and on the other, a newly erected house of logs. He had swung his hammock, and strewed his floor with fresh leaves, and was smoking his meerschaum with as much apparent ease and comfort as though his family were all around him, and his fortune made. While seated with him upon his great chest, that constituted his table and sofa, an Indian came in to take a general survey of the premises. Uttering his usual grunt of satisfaction, he pulled out his pipe, and filling it with Kinnickinnick, to which my friend added some tobacco, he smoked to his satisfaction if not to mine. Our conversation was somewhat restricted, he not understanding a word of English, and we being equally proficient in Ojibway. Accordingly, he smoked in silence, while my friend and I talked, and after being satisfied, knocked out the ashes of his pipe, drew his blanket around him, and disappeared as he came in, with a grunt.

I was strongly reminded as I looked upon

my English friend, with his good natured face, his broad chest, and his flowing red neckerchief, of Dickens's Mark Tapley, whose great hobby was a desire to be jolly under all circumstances, and who found his cheerfulness fully tested in a wild sport at the West, to which speculation had given the name of Eden. And I thought as I left him, in his solitary tent, at the very outpost of civilization, and in a land of strangers, that like Mr. Tapley, 'now was his time to come out strong, or never.'—Taking one more look at the straggling rows of houses as I passed to the shore, I returned to the boat, having less sympathy than ever with the longing of Cowper:—

"O for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade."

And yet as I stood upon the deck of the steamer, on the following morning, looking back on that scene now lighted up by the rising sun, I felt that out of these rude materials, order, and beauty, and strength would rise, and that above all, that Christian influences would speedily diffuse themselves through that population, and by means of the colporter, the teacher, and the church, open fountains of spiritual life and health in the midst of that *City in the wilderness*.

J. E. R.

HERR KUNZEL'S ALBUM.—An interesting collection of modern (mostly German) autographs is that of Herr Carl Kunzel, of Heilbronn, Württemberg. Herr Kunzel is a merchant, and began his career about twenty-five years ago as a commercial traveller to the large paper manufactory of Messrs. Rauch, Brothers, Heilbronn. Being of a literary turn of mind he profited by the many opportunities which the nature of his trade, and his never ceasing travels on the highways and byways of Germany (sometimes also to foreign parts), gave him to make the acquaintances of almost all the eminent persons of the period, and to lay upon them, without almost any exception, the willingly paid tax of an autograph leaf for his album. This, to use an expression of his friend Clemens Brentano, was his paper business, which he carried on along with the paper concern of his masters. One of his earliest and most important contributors was no less a person than Goethe himself, whose acquaintance he made in rather a comical manner. It was in 1829 when Herr Kunzel, then a very young man, came to Weimar, entered Goethe's house, and, with all his personal and national *näthe*, asked the great man's valet to hide him somewhere in the hall, that he (a "Swabian" as he called himself when the domestic questioned him about his name, etc.) might only have a peep at the celebrated poet, who, he was told, would soon pass for his usual promenade. The attendant complied with Herr Kunzel's wish, and then answered his master's bell; but returned almost instantly with the message that "his Excellency" wanted to see the traveller. Herr Kunzel, not dreaming of such an honor, felt rather bewildered; but, following the servant, who gently pushed him into "his Excellency's" presence, he a minute later, saw the Author of *Faust* standing before him, tall and majestic, but stretching out a friendly hand and benignly addressing him with the words—"The Swabian is not only to see me, I, too, will see the Swabian." A conversation about Swabia and Schiller's sister (a patronizing friend of Herr Kunzel's) followed, at the end of which the tribute of one or more autographs was

granted. These autographs of Goethe became the nucleus of Herr Kunzel's present collection, and have proved so attractive that at present we believe no name, which has become of consequence during the last quarter of a century in Germany, will be looked for in vain in his "Album of many Leaves." One of the *chevaux de bataille* of this general collection is an autograph drawing of Schiller's (who, by the bye, was a very bad draftsman), representing his friend Körner, the father of Theodore, in the ludicrous perplexities of a German *paterfamilias*. — *Athenaeum*.

NELSON AND THE PIEDMONTSE.—The revolution of eighteen hundred and forty-eight, which gave to Piedmont a constitution, extended equal rights and privileges to the island of Sardinia. The recent liberal tariff has abolished all the customs' duties with which Sardinian produce was at one time specially burdened. Lord Nelson wrote in eighteen hundred and three: "Sardinia is very little known; it was the policy of Piedmont to keep it in the back ground, and it has been the maxim to rule its inhabitants with severity, loading its produce with such duties as prevented their growth. I will only mention one instance as a proof. Half a cheese was seized because a poor man was selling it to our boats, and it had not paid the duty. Fowls, eggs, beef, and every article of food are most heavily taxed on export. The country is fruitful beyond idea, and abounds in cattle, sheep, and would in corn, wine, and oil. In the hands of a liberal government there is no telling what its produce would amount to." Lord Nelson's wishes have been realized; Sardinia is in the hands of a liberal government. Nothing is now needed to make it the most flourishing island of its extent in Europe but roads and harbors, the suppression of convents of ecclesiastical drones, the extension of education, and the example and instruction of a few of those intelligent Lombardy landlords and farmers whom Austria seems intent on ruining.—*Dickens's "Household Words."*

OLD BRICKS AND OLD MORTARS.

YES—we are an exceedingly practical people :
The *History of England* that virtue will show,
We don't trust our eyes, when they say "there's
a steeple,"

But, bang, with our noses against it we go.
And not till our noses bleed after collision,
Do we feel we're entitled to say, with decision,
"Yes—it is solid stonework, and not a mere vi-
sion."

And the practical proof quite makes up for
the blow.

Hence our wars have been triumphs : for, when
we commenced them,
We conclusively proved all the stone walls we
found,

By gallantly running our heads up against them,
Sing out Q. E. D. as we came to the ground.
Thus we've proved the Crimea makes bad winter
quarters.

And the proof had but cost us an army of
martyrs :
To exact the same proof in all Russian waters,
Through our naval campaigns, we by logic are
bound.

North-Sea skippers declared that the Baltic was
shallow,
So, too, said the charts ; but John Bull's not
so flat

As, without some more practical proof, things to
swallow,
On mere word-of-mouth and eye-witness, like
that !

So of man-of-war stations our Whitehall as-
signers,

Send into the Baltic our first-rates and liners ;
If they get aground, Sir,—a fig for the shiners !—
That's a practical proof there are shoals—
verbum sat.

Theoretical writers maintain'd, for such waters,
That gun-boats of some six feet draught were
the thing :

That Russian forts to the pounding of mortars
(Though they mock point-blank fire) soon
“peccavi” would sing.

Mere reasonings that gunboats are needed, we
scout them !

Let's have practical proof, first, by trying without
them :

To show long guns won't knock the foes' case-
mates about them,
Long guns, and not mortars, against them
we'll bring.

Well, the practical proof—dear to Bull—has
been given ;
Our liners have grounded, our long guns have
fail'd—

With short soundings and stonework in vain we
have striven,

Vainly Graham has written, and Napier has
rail'd.

And at length—Hip-hurrah ! we've got gunboats
and mortars ;

And now, spite of granite and sands and shoal
waters,

Our Tars will soon have their own way with
the Tartars :
Sweaborg first, and then Cronstadt will soon
be assail'd.

“But hold”—say the theorists—“mortars, 'tis
certain,
Will wear out with firing—the fact is well
known.”
Is it so ? We can't rest on mere random assert-
ing ;
By a practical proof we must have the fact
shown.

Send our mortarboats out with no relay of metal,
If the mortars fail, mend 'em, as tinkers a kettle.
If they burst—why, the practical point it will
settle,
That honey-comb'd gun-metal's best let alone.

Here, too, we've had practical proof that with
firing

Gun-metal will crystallize, duly, and burst ;
But who, John Bull, would have thought of re-
quiring

Loss of life, and a half and-half victory first ?
But what if we have lost some men by explosion,
If the granite of Sweaborg still frowns o'er the
ocean ?

We've got practical proof of what was but a
notion

Of a few closet-writers, in theories nursed.

Now 'tis fact, that old officers wear like old iron,
And this fact *Mr. Punch* in John Bull's head
would fix ;

With old mortars our arsenal yards we environ,
Why not with old mortars get rid of old bricks ?
We have gouty old admirals, cranky and crusty,
Peninsular heroes, gray, mildew'd, and musty :
Let us not wait for practical proof how untrusty
A Wellington's self grows at sixty-and-six.

The glorious old boys ! *Punch* profoundly re-
pects them.

He knows what they have been, but sees what
they are :

Their duty to do, he, like England, expects them,
Which is to lie up, and nurse chalkstone and
scar.

Let them warm their old bones in the sun, and
have pensions—

John Bull can afford it—of monster dimensions,
And like Napier, confining to print their pre-
tensions,

With insular pen wage Peninsular war—*Punch*.

FLASHES THROUGH THE CLOUD.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

FOOLISH am I, and very sad, sometimes—
The sadness on the folly following fast !
So grief on glee, repentance upon crimes,
Darkness and shadows on the daylight past,
Are in attendance ; so funereal chimes
Make bridals look aghast !

I know not whether of my head or heart
Cometh this fault—if fault it be—or if

Some morbid action, of the mind a part,
Dashes it to and fro, like some poor skiff
Upon a fitful sea: I have no art
To guide the wind-blown leaf.

When the short transport of exempted pain
Fills me with strange wild joy, as wine might
do,
I cannot answer for the buoyant strain
Of merriment that pierces through and through
The echoing woods, whose loneliness in vain
Startles me with its hue.

Not solitude, nor silence, nor the thought
Of what must soon ensue—returning throes—
Can then by any reasoning be brought
To quell the ebullient stir that through me
flows
Like leaping draughts of pleasure, which have
caught
Hues of the sun and rose.

The flowers are mine, the dells in which they
pasture;
The birds are mine; their voices, which I
mock;
The happy insects—of them I am master,
As of the rushing brook and ivied rock;
Fast speeds the brook, the bird, the bee—but
faster
Fond fancies round me flock!

Yet in my momentary glee of health,
A hymn—not frivolous, though its sounds are
gay—
Soars up to Heaven, that thus from out its
wealth
Hath deigned to scatter on my thorny way
A sunshine all my own; nor ta'en by stealth
From Earth's imperfect day.

Oh! should I call it folly, then, when I,
Released from inward pains, forget a while
That Time must bring them back? Should I
decry
That buoyancy as sin, which gives a smile
To clear the hollow cheeks which agony
Too often doth defile?

No! let me deem it armor sent of God
To shield me 'gainst despair! We cannot
wage
A holier war than that which strives the load
Of gloom to banish from our souls! No cage
Can mar the linnet's songs: the longest road
Must have its fitting stage.

And so, 'twixt us and pain, and care, and all
Life's gloom (save Sin, whose ever-endless
ring)
Weds to immortal Wo! Time's regal call
Shall place divorce. Oh, let us, therefore,
bring
All innocent laughs to lighten up each hall
Where sickly sorrows cling!

Chambers's Journal.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

If on this verse of mine
Those eyes shall ever shine,
Whereto sore-wounded men have looked for life,
Think not that for rhyme,
Nor yet to fit the time,
I name thy name, true victress in this strife:
But let it serve to say
That, when we kneel to pray,
Prayers rise for thee thine ear shall never know;
And that thy gallant deed,
For God, and for our need,
Is in all hearts, as deep as love can go.

'Tis good that thy name springs
From two of Earth's fair things—
A stately city, and a soft-voiced bird;
'Tis well that in all homes,
When thy sweet story comes,
And brave eyes fill—that pleasant sounds be
heard.
Oh voice! in night of fear,
As night's bird, soft to hear.
Oh great heart! raised like city on a hill;
Oh watcher! worn and pale
Good Florence Nightingale.
Thanks, loving thanks, for thy large work and
will!
England is glad of thee—
Christ, for thy charity,
Take thee to joy when hand and heart are still.

The Press.

GULF WEED.

A weary weed, tossed to and fro,
Drearly drenched in the ocean brine,
Soaring high and sinking low
Lashed along without will of mine;
Sport of the spoon of the surging sea,
Flung on the foam, afar and anear;
Mark my manifold mystery,—
Growth and grace in their place appear.

I bear round berries, gray and red,
Rootless and rover though I be;
My sprangled leaves, when nicely spread,
Arborese as a trunkless tree;
Corals curious cast me o'er
White and hard in apt array;
'Mid the wild waves' rude uproar
Gracefully grow I, night and day.

Hearts there are on the sounding shore,
Something whispers soft to me,
Restless and roaming forevermore,
Like this weary weed of the sea;
Bear they yet on each beating breast
The' eternal Type of the wondrous whole,
Growth unfolding amidst unrest,
Grace informing with silent soul.

Off Abaco.

From Poems of Many Moods by C. G. Fessner.

From The Athenaeum.

Autobiography of Charles Caldwell, M. D.
With a Preface, Notes, and Appendix, by
Harriet W. Warner. Philadelphia, Lippincott & Co.; London, Trübner & Co.

HERE is a book which, in England, must dispense with many readers. Yet we have had pleasure in going through it; because it is a pure example of prosy, old-fashioned American style. Dr. Caldwell appears to have imbibed his notions of style from the sources whence Mrs. Mercy Adams drew the hoop and high heels (as it were) in which—when writing letters—she paraded the sweets of friendship and the vicissitudes of life. His philosophies and his language alike had little in common with those of the modern transcendentalists, whose opinions and utterances figure so strangely in the annals of modern American intellect. Dr. Caldwell's pomposity and verbosity—his vanity and want of good manners—have amused us as so many relics of a past time; and they have amused us all the more, because they were mixed up in their owner with such better qualities as sense, independence, and thirst for knowledge.

At the end of sixty-two pages of reasons for writing an autobiography and other preliminary matters, Dr. Caldwell informs us that he was born, in 1772, on a farm in Virginia. He lost his parents early—early acquired those habits of self-reliance and self-cultivation, the fruits of which are everywhere present in this volume, in spite of the pedantic importance of its writer,—was early placed at the head of the "Snow-Creek Seminary"—grammar-school, situated in a "remote and healthy section of the State"—which contained several pupils from five to ten years older than their master. An overbearing pedagogue must Dr. Caldwell have been, if the biographer's style was prophesied by the *Dominie's* de manor:—

In the government of the institution (says the memoir) I found no difficulty. Discarding entirely the levity of youth, in which I had never but very moderately indulged, and assuming a deportment sufficiently authoritative, mingled with affability and courtesy of manner, I commanded, from the first act of my official duties, the entire respect and deference of my pupils. The elder and more intelligent of them conformed to order and good government from a three-fold motive—the decorum and propriety of the measure, in a social and gentlemanly point of view—a conviction that submission to rightful authority is a moral duty, which cannot be violated without disrepute among the enlightened and the virtuous—and a sentiment of self-interest; for they had the sagacity very soon to perceive my ability to bestow on them lasting benefits, and my resolution to do so, provided they should deserve them.

The above paragraph is an average specimen of Dr. Caldwell's manner. While oppressing his pupils (for it is impossible to conceive that the boys of Virginia were not oppressed by one so weighty in his wisdom), the young schoolmaster continued to gather food for the ideas which were to be expressed in these volleys of solemn language. He "perused the Book of Nature," as well as printed books—he was "able to hold at times a moment of light and sportive intercourse and dalliance with the Muses." "Having never designed to officiate as an instructor of youth for more than a few years," by way of preparation for choice of a profession (!)—when the time of selection came, he determined, "although originally laid out to become a preacher," first, "to decline the drudgery of all civil vocations, or to serve his country in a military capacity,"—and, subsequently, to "devote himself to medicine." While studying the healing art at Salisbury, Dr. Caldwell, like other medical students, had adventures. No "wild oats" did he sow; but "the tattle of the town" averred that a certain fair Lady preferred him to a certain friend, Henderson, who was wooing the Lady. Henderson became jealous:—

His awakened suspicions and fears on the subject he had the candor or the folly (I hardly know which to call it, but it was probably an amalgamation of both) to impart, under great agitation, to me. For his groundless, and, toward me, most wrongful suspicions, I rebuked him sternly—perhaps acrimoniously—with drew myself in a great measure from his society and that of his sister's family. * * * In this condition of things, which, to him, somewhat inclined as he was by nature to melancholy, appeared to be hopeless, he became spiritless and gloomy, neglected law, literature, and social intercourse, and was at length attacked by what his physicians denominated a brain fever—in language more intelligible perhaps to the mass of readers, by a febrile affection accompanied with delirium.

We must refer all such readers as love long-winded sentiment to this "Autobiography" for the end of the story. Another passage of the Doctor's youth was his commanding a troop of Light Dragoons, who enrolled themselves in the autumn of 1792 to escort General Washington on one of his progresses through their county. On meeting this great man, the fluency of Caldwell, which "never had previously quailed before anything earthly," was interrupted. He became actually giddy, and forgot his address. Presently recovering himself, however, he began to harangue—astonished Washington by showing himself better acquainted with several events of the Southern revolutionary war than the General—was complimented in return for his "honor-

able and exemplary deportment as an officer,"—and Liberator and Dragoon parted with such emotions as should accompany the parting of two great men who understand each other. In the same year Caldwell arrived in Philadelphia. With this settlement in Penn's city the old-young physician's professional life began. The reader is referred to his "Autobiography" for complacent narrations of the manner in which the Doctor tilted, with a spear of weight and victory, against the bulrush of Dr. Rush on medical questions,—for the manner in which Caldwell's courage discomfited the elder physician's insincerity,—for the vehemence with which he engaged in scientific controversy (he assures the awe-stricken public, by the way, that he did *not* kill Dr. Smith and others by the "severity of his pen," as has been maliciously charged against him),—for the energy with which he bearded, knocked down, "shut up," and flung over rebellious audiences, who had prepared, cabal-wise, to insult him when he presented himself as lecturer. The lighter graces and occupations of our ponderous Doctor must be told in one of his most artistic paragraphs:—

The amusements which an individual selects and enjoys are as illustrative of his character as are the studies he cultivates and delights in, the business he pursues, or the action he performs. Perhaps they are in some respects even more illustrative of it. The reason is plain. The selection of them is more voluntary—freer, I mean, from constraint. Acts of business are not unfrequently the result of necessity; but amusements are always the issue of choice. It will not, therefore, be deemed inappropriate in me to state that my favorite amusements were the theatre and dancing. Fencing being at once an amusement and an invigorating and useful exercise of the body, and chess an amusement and an exercise somewhat strengthening to the mind, I indulged in them occasionally for several years subsequently to my commencement of the practice of my profession. Finding, however, as my professional business increased both in quantity and the space of the city over which it extended, that they were likely to occupy too much of my time, I suddenly abandoned them, and seldom, if ever, afterwards played a match at either of them. This change in my habits and associations I could not have made so promptly and entirely as I did, had it not been for the strength of my will, and its arbitrary sway over my whole being and actions. Nor, notwithstanding the decided supremacy of that power, and the obedience to it to which the others had been, for no inconsiderable time, accustomed, was the change effected without reluctance and regret. For, in both forms of exercise I was so dexterous and celebrated as to be very rarely otherwise than victorious in the contest. And of that I had sufficient weakness to be proud. And of my standing as a chess-player, I shall only say that Dr. Bollman (who attempted the rescue of

the Marquis De Lafayette), General Harper and myself, were acknowledged to be the three ablest players in Philadelphia, and, as was believed at the time, in the United States. Yet so essential to dexterity in all things is practice, that an entire neglect of those accomplishments for forty-four or forty-five years has utterly deprived me of the last relic of ability in them. So complete is this deprivation that I have even forgotten the powers and movements of the several chess pieces. And though I retain a perfect remembrance of all the guards, passes, and feints in fencing, and am far from being deprived, by time, of the sight, strength, and action of a very tolerable fencer, I cannot, with any show of dexterity, execute the simplest of them.

Laughable as the above will seem to those loving a laugh, the man who wrote it had true mettle in him. Absurd though his phrases were (and more absurd his politeness, as we shall show anon), Dr. Caldwell was an American of whom America may be proud. But with his scientific career and services we cannot further concern ourselves:—enough by way of a closing extract to give his own account of his own graceful meeting with a distinguished woman in Europe when the time came for him to make "the grand tour"—during which he rebuked the bad manners of Abernethy—weighed our statesmen in the *Caldwell* balance—and judged our manners, politics, and scenery. Mr. Lawrence gave him several introductions in London:—

One of these, whom I am bound to mention in terms of peculiar kindness and the most exalted estimation, was Mrs. Somerville, celebrated for her attainments and writings in several arduous and elevated branches of science, especially in Astronomy and Physical Geography. My first interview with that extraordinary woman made on me an impression never to be erased, save with the entire erasure of my memory. It occurred at the breakfast-table in her own mansion, and was as follows. Dr. Somerville, her husband, was the attending physician of Chelsea Hospital, a celebrated institution which I had a wish to visit. Having been made known to the Doctor by my friend, Mr. Lawrence, I was kindly invited to take breakfast with him the next morning, and accompany him on his official visit to the hospital. On being ushered by Dr. Somerville into the breakfast-room, and introduced to his wife, I took, at her request, a seat by her at table. In neither her appearance nor manner was there anything to attract particular attention. She was rather below the middle size, plain but neat in her person and attire, and entirely free from affectation or pretence. Her eye was keen and rather playful; her countenance sprightly, but not beautiful. She conversed with fluency and ease, and did the honors of her table with good-breeding and taste. Her children, two or three in number, were of the party. Breakfast being finished, Dr. Somerville rose, and, telling me that he had a private visit

or two to make before his visit to the hospital, familiarly added: 'I will leave you and Mrs. Somerville to take care of each other until my return.' The office being cheerfully accepted by me, I deemed it my duty to enter on the fulfilment of it, to the best of my ability, without loss of time. I accordingly commenced with the lady a conversation on the polite literature of the day, including the writings of Scott, Byron, Campbell, Southey, Wordsworth, and other living authors; and in both the knowledge and appreciation of those works I found her perfectly at home. Perceiving in a neat rosewood book-case, the door of which was open, a few volumes on botany, ornithology, and zoology, I changed the subjects of conversation to those branches of science, and found her in them but little, if at all, inferior. I changed again to geology and mineralogy, and found her, in the knowledge of the latter, decidedly my superior. A volume of La Place, which caught my eye, directed my mind, for a moment, to the science of astronomy, respecting which she conversed with such a familiarity and compass of knowledge as might have led to belief that she had just returned from a tour among the heavenly bodies. After a momentary silence, and looking at the lady in actual astonishment, I said to her sportively: 'Pray, madam, is there anything either in the world or *out* of it that is not known to you?' 'O, yes, sir; very many things.' 'I really know not, fair lady, what they are: I have run through the circle of my knowledge, and you have led me to every point of it.' After a brief silence, the lady rose, and asked me to follow her into an adjoining room, where I found suits of both chemical

and mechanico-philosophical apparatus; and I soon perceived by her conversation, that she was perfectly familiar with the practical employment of them. After loitering and conversing here a few minutes, we passed into another room, which was decorated by a number of very handsome paintings. Having examined them for several minutes, I pointed to three or four of them and said: 'These are very excellent copies of antiques. Pray, may I ask who is the painter of them?' As she did not reply immediately, I fixed my eye on her countenance, and observing it suffused by an incipient blush, I said, with a gentle tap on her cheek: 'This heightened rose-tinge is a tell-tale; you painted them yourself'—which she acknowledged was the case. I then took her by the hand, and said: 'Now, madam, will you do me the favor to answer a single question: Pray, who are you?' 'I am Mrs. Somerville, sir.' 'I know that, madam, but who were you before you became Mrs. Somerville?' 'I was Miss ——' (I have forgotten her maiden name), 'a little Scotch girl, a pupil of Dr. Playfair.'"

The above delicious morsel of diary justifies the tone in which we have called attention to one of the most ridiculous books ever published in memory of an enlightened man of science and a good citizen. Dr. Caldwell's executors should have taken better care of his character than they have shown by allowing the issue of a memoir so vividly recalling the duties and deeds of "P. P. Clerk of the Parish."

THE PIOUS PUFFERS.

It must be very painful to a sincere professor of those doctrines by which self-glorification is especially condemned, to find himself continually made the subject of puffing paragraphs. We have already called attention to the lamentable case of poor dear Doctor Cumming, who has been so bespattered, besmeared, and bedaubed with booksellers' puffery, that we naturally begin to look for a list of his works in that portion of a newspaper which is devoted to medical and miscellaneous quackery. Some of our friends have become so thoroughly possessed with the idea of a connection between the name of Cumming and newspaper notoriety, that we have been seriously asked, whether the lion-slayer at the top of the Haymarket is the same Cumming whose appellation has been made the subject of that familiarity which is said to lead to contempt, through the medium of advertisements. We should scarcely be surprised if the pious puffers of Doctor Cumming's books were to take advantage of the popularity of the present connection between the name of Cumming and the King of Beasts, and were to send forth a list of his works with the words, "Dr. Cumming, the

great Religious Lion of the Day," by way of an attractive heading.

The over-saintimonious, and not over-charitable portion of the public, will believe, or rather will assert without believing it, that we intend to sneer at Religion or its ministers, because we denounce the quackery and puffery which make the latter contemptible. It is, however, obvious to common sense, that the clerical profession is only degraded by the unwholesome pandering to personal vanity, to which it is in these days so much exposed, and which has placed a "popular preacher" and a "popular performer" in much the same position. We simply wish to put down that morbid and usually feminine feeling with reference to persons which develops itself in working slippers and antimacassars, or in giving silver tea-pots to unmarried clergymen.

We recollect an instance in which a bachelor divine had been presented with so many embroidered shoes and tea services by the spinsters of his flock, that he might have started with a capital stock as either a slipper-dealer or a silver-smith; but happening to marry a lady out of the parish, he was nearly torn to pieces by his fair adorers, who called on him to return all the plate that had been presented to him for his bachelor piety—his single blessedness.—*Punch.*

LETTERS REWARDED—“NOCTES AMBROSIANÆ.”

It is not to be expected of flesh and blood—for *Punch* is no longer ligneous; *Punch*, as Samuel Johnson would now allow, *has* feelings—it is not for *Punch*, then, to suffer any reward vouchsafed by authority to letters, to pass unheeded, unacknowledged. We know not, indeed, what may be in store for literature. We believe that we violate no confidence—and if we do, we cannot help it; joy in its expression, is apt to be incautious—when we state that a late Royal visit to our dear and affectionate Allies may abound with much future good to Literature, Art, and Science. France and England mutually feel that they can in no better, no stronger way, consolidate the alliance than by each copying the excellencies of each. Therefore, England is about to pay France the first compliment of imitation. In France, writers, painters, men of Art and science have, time out of mind, been acknowledged, and from time to time, in so far as the state could dignify, dignified. Even in the time of Louis the Fourteenth, Versailles was little more than a palace of ease to poets, dramatists, painters, sculptors. They were the birds of the sun; more considered by the Grand Monarch, than were the ducks of St. James by his brother king and bought flunkey, Charles the Second. And so with a difference, it was with Uncle Napoleon; and so it is again to be with Nephew Louis. This pleasing fact was made very evident, on the Queen's visit to Versailles and other places, where men of genius were invited, and—no spoons were missing!

It will be remembered that our excellent ambassador, Lord Cowley, has been attacked in the columns of the *Times*—(the usual pillory for persecuted goodness, misinterpreted benevolence,)—because, forsooth, he was not disposed to acknowledge the existence of English jurymen; individuals, mixed up with literature and science, whom his Lordship, by means of his Lordship's bellicose porter, kept at extremest arm's length. “Literature and science not admitted” were written—but in shortest hand—upon that porter's forehead. It is now to be otherwise: the frontal notice is to be forthwith erased: and, in obedience to the advice of a distinguished Prince, Lord Cowley is henceforth to receive men of letters, Art, and science. His Lordship felt that he might have justified his late ignorance of English jurymen by the example set in the Royal palaces of Great Britain, but his Lordship is a courtier, and as a courtier held his tongue.

However, reward of the right men who have written the right books, chiselled the right statues, and made the right discoveries, will henceforth be of daily occurrence. The first person happily selected to illustrate the new and better order of things is Professor Ferrier of Edinburgh. The Professor, it may not be generally known, is the editor of the collected works of Professor Wilson; a man of very varied genius—a man who could dash off a Highland landscape, all fresh with the morning dew still glittering on it,—a man, moreover, who could impale either man or woman, if wickedly Whiggish, upon his pen, with all the ease

of heart, all the loud enjoyment of a school boy who runs a corking-pin through the bowels of a cockchafer, polyphemus never took a human marrow-bone with greater enjoyment, never made his cave echo with blither bellowings, than did Christopher North feel and utter, when he devoured alive, bones and all, a wretched Radical. At such meals, his countryman, Sawney Beane, was not a fuller feeder. At Christopher's *Noctes Ambrosianæ* human hearts were served up—like the peacock's brains at *Lucullus's* suppers—a hundred to a dish. But these were strong-stomached times. A reputation—like a pullet, the whiter the better—was a mere mouthful. Mr. Martin, dressed by the cook Christopher (he cooked his own dishes), was served up as “an Irish jackass.” Joseph Hume lay on the side-board as “a poor creature in mind, soul and heart.” Brougham smoked as a “Billingsgate fish-wife,” McCulloch as “an obscure and insolent lout”—and so forth; for we may not dwell upon half the number of dishes that, from month to month, was served up, by the Apician Christopher.

Well, as we have said, certain party men had strong stomachs in those days, and they, doubtless, enjoyed these things, even as a Kaffir enjoys his meal of swine intestines. When, however, the collected works of Wilson were first talked about, timid folks feared that the *Noctes* would make no part of the reprint; they feared that they might be allowed to pass away with the offal, the dead rats and drowned kittens that were once so buoyant, so biting and so scratching, in the kindred columns of the *Age* and *Satirist*. Such timorous men knew not the stuff whereof Professor Ferrier was compounded. That conscientious editor has thought it a solemn duty to reproduce all the dishes compounded and gloat ed over by the living Christopher. They were sweet and fragrant to the nostrils of an age when Toryism tyrannized in the Commons, and doubted on the Woolsack; and, like spices extracted from mummies, they must have a smack, a flavor still. We must in 1855 still enjoy the memory of a good, eccentric man, as “an Irish jackass,” must still laugh heartily to have Lord Brougham, a “Billingsgate fish-wife,”—still acknowledge the delicious jest, subtly conveyed, in Mr. McCulloch as “an obscure and insolent lout”!

With an industry only equalled by his conscientiousness has Professor Ferrier so far acquitted himself of his edition of *Noctes Ambrosianæ*. The more pleasant part remains to be told. For reward of the Professor's services, the learned gentleman has been offered, under the operation of Sir Benjamin Hall's Metropolitan Act, a very distinguished position in the sewers. Here, certainly, we have the right man in the right place.—*Punch*.

A GENT'S VIEW OF A NEW DISCOVERY.—Aluminum is a new metal, closely resembling silver, that is extracted out of clay; and a relation, from whom you easily extract large quantities of silver, may be said to be a Brick made of the finest clay—that is, full of Alumining.

Punch.

From Chambers's Journal.

PHILOSOPHY OF SEBASTOPOL.

EXISTENCE is everything to the creature to whom the possession belongs. I have heard that there are wise men who say the external world is altogether a fancy, and that it is the internal sense which entertains the imagination: that alone is a fact. I do not know much about such sort of things, but I must say, if this be true, that I have lately seen fancy dealing with fact in a very rough way in Crim-Tartary, where I have been studying metaphysics. When fanciful balls are driven from the mouth of the cannon by gunpowder, metaphysical facts fall down in a strange way before them. I am just home invalided. Dysentery has done for me more than the bullet and the sword; and I have returned to my native shore a broken and a shattered man. I have, however, seen strange things, and have earned something for myself beyond half-pay namely, the right to talk about what everybody is glad to listen to.

One of the most surprising pieces of experience I have picked up whilst living amidst scenes of conflict and violence, is the extraordinary indifference with which men soon come to regard personal risk when danger is continually around them. It seems to me, however, that there is some spice of barbarism in this indifference. I do not think it is so readily entertained by those who have a high sense of the privilege and value of life, as it is by those who have few objects in view beyond the gratifications of sense. To the former, courage becomes a matter of calculation. Men, when they prize their lives highly on account of the capacities they feel to be within them, are capable of acts of great bravery, provided an aim of high ambition is before them; but they will not encounter the chance of destruction for a straw: those, on the other hand, who have not learned to cast up accounts with themselves, will as soon face the cannon's mouth for the most trifling object as for the highest and grandest achievement. This, no doubt, is coolness; my own observation has induced me to hesitate as to whether I would accord to it the more dignified appellation of courage. In the majority of cases in which it occurs in the ranks of the British army, I am convinced the coolness is born of indifference rather than of bravery; and, in support of this opinion, I adduce some incidents I have witnessed myself.

Soon after the Allied Armies had taken up their positions to the South of Sebastopol, green coffee began to be served out to the British troops. After a few days of hesitation and consideration, some adventurous fellows, in the intervals of their assaults upon the earthworks of the fortress, and of their labors

at the trenches, planned an attack upon the scarcely less formidable green berries. They contrived to roast them in the tops of their canteens; and then set up extemporaneous coffee-mills, by rolling round shot over the dried berries laid upon pieces of stone. In this way they managed so far to crush the coffee as to make it defenceless to hot water; but so soon as the rumor of this culinary success was noised abroad, cannon-balls suddenly rose in value: and when a Russian shot has been seen hurling through the air, I have known a dozen stalwart fellows start for it, their eyes fixed upon it during its descent, as if it had been a cricket-ball, rather than a messenger of destruction and death; and lucky did he think himself who was nearest to it when it buried itself in the ground, perhaps just beneath his feet. At first, in their haste and inexperience, these amateur cricketers occasionally made the important mistake of running for a shell, in place of a round shot; and I have heard, in the excitement of the moment, a burst of laughter and shout of merriment echo through the air from their comrades, when the error has been pointed out by half a dozen of the adventurers being knocked over upon their backs, maimed and bleeding from the bursting of the deadly missile.

After a few weeks' practice, the men became very expert in distinguishing shells by their flight through the air, and took pretty good care not to run after them, when they did not present themselves unsought. But they still made very little of them when they did, just casting themselves down flat on the ground until the explosion was over, and the fragments were scattered. There was one huge shell, however, they never could get used to, which was fired from one particular mortar: this shell measured sixteen inches across, and contained eighteen pounds of gunpowder in its mischievous cavity. It was emitted from a raft that lay floating in the harbor, and occupied some forty seconds in its flight: first, a very perceptible whiff of white smoke burst out from the raft; then, on came the ponderous missile, turning over and over in its flight—whish—whish—whish—with an intermitting whistling sound; at last, down it pitched on the ground, with the force of fifty tons concentrated in its impact, bursting with a tremendous explosion at the instant. The fragments of this shell were scattered, when it burst, more than three hundred yards in all directions; it therefore never could be looked upon in the light of an agreeable neighbor—a quarter of a mile was by no means respectable as a distance from it. In consequence of its whistling note, this monster *horrendum mirabile* was christened whistling Dick; and watchmen were set to look for the white whiff of smoke from the floating-raft, whenever par-

ties were engaged upon the works within its range. The instant this was noticed, the alarm was raised, and the men rushed to the shelter of the nearest hole or embankment within their reach.

A hole or pit dug hastily into the ground is the first rudiment of a protective work. Several such lodgments are made during the hours of darkness, in advance of the foremost trench; and from four to six riflemen are sent to occupy each. One of these men is kept constantly on the look-out, above the edge of the pit, ready to take aim at any chance-object that is presented to his eye; the rest of the party while away the long hours, in the absence of any stirring excitement got up in their behalf by the enemy, the best way they can. They are completely sheltered from the effects of round shot, and even shells fall and burst within a yard of their lurking-place without working them any harm. If, however, one of these explosive spheres lights by an unlucky chance, quite within the pit, it is certain destruction to the whole. Yet the watching the descent of the shells that fly in their direction, seems to afford rather a pleasurable excitement than otherwise. I have often heard remarks of a speculative kind ventured with the most perfect nonchalance, which had for their point the probable safe arrival of one of these deadly missiles, that seemed to be coming straight for the spectator down from the clouds. It is no unusual thing for small bets in tobacco to be laid as to how far off some shell will fall. Wagers as to the course overhead of round shot were amongst the common resources to which the little garrisons of these rifle-pits turned for amusement. The passage of a ball to the right or the left of the vertical often determined the pipe in which a last charge of the precious weed should be smoked. The scenes in these holes are, however, sometimes of the most painful kind. I remember once to have made one of a party of four in a pit as large as a round table, and six feet deep, and which was entirely isolated from all friendly aid during the continuance of daylight. Of this party, two were suffering from severe dysentery, a third was supporting a shattered arm, and the fourth had had his eye knocked out by a splinter produced by a cannon-ball.

Upon one occasion, I chanced to be in a pit advanced to within 80 or 100 yards of one of the Russian works. At this time our behavior was so carefully watched, that the top of a feather could not be shown for a moment above the embankment without a dozen rifle-balls whizzing past it. There was an officer with the party, but he was suffering so severely from dysentery that he lay for a long time in a fainting state, with his head on the knees of one of the men. While in this sad predicament, the fancy seized him that if he could

have some hot coffee it would at once revive him. He expressed his wish; and it was found there was coffee in store, but no wood at hand for the fire. Observing this difficulty, one of the privates remarked that he would soon furnish the wood. He seized a pickaxe which had been used in the construction of the pit, and in an instant jumped from the hole. Without the slightest hurry in his deportment, he took his way to a tree that was prostrate on the ground about forty yards to the rear of the position, and, with his back to the Russians, began leisurely to pick off chips with his axe. The enemy appeared to be staggered at first by the coolness of his bearing, but very soon a leaden storm was whistling around him in all directions. With perfect unconcern, however, he continued his operations; and, wonderful to say, was untouched by the missiles. The Russians became more angry and eager, and most probably fired with less than their usual care and precision. At length they laid a large gun upon the adventurous wood-pecker, and three times a round shot rushed within a few inches of him. By this time, he conceived that he had made chips enough for his purpose; so he stooped down and gathered them together in the skirts of his long greatcoat, sauntered back through the leaden hail-storm, and dropped into the pit with his treasure unscathed, to the great surprise and infinite relief of his comrades, not seeming to have the slightest idea that he had done anything out of the usual way; and, indeed, I do not think the notion had ever been clearly presented to his mind what the risk was that he had volunteered to meet.

All the world knows that the naval service is quite as much marked by gallantry as the army. They also share with it the matter-of-fact indifference to personal risk I am just now more particularly alluding to. On board ship, matters of ordinary routine often go on under fire, just as if the vessel was hundreds of miles away from the enemy. Immediately before the attack upon the forts of Sebastopol, in which the fleet bore a part, an officer of the Rifles, who was invalided, had been sent on board one of the small steamers to recruit. One of the first incidents of his repose, however, was his going with the vessel into the engagement. She was placed in circumstances of peculiar risk, for she had on board a large quantity of shells, which she had recently brought for the general service of the fleet, and she was near the *Agamemnon* when the red-hot shot were striking her sides. She bore her share in the action, and was at last ordered out of fire by the admiral. The invalided officer was standing by the bridge when the captain of the ship came down from his station on the paddle-box, whence he had been

directing the manœuvres. The steward came up to him at the instant, and touched his hat, with the announcement: "Dinner is on table, sir." The announcement was received with all due honor, and immediately afterwards the officers were at table discussing the merits of a fine boiled turkey, with the appropriate accompaniments, all of which had been prepared amidst the balls of the redoubtable fortress of Sebastopol.

MILTON.

In Milton's second defence of the people of England, may be found this passage, in allusion to his loss of sight:—

"Let me then be the most feeble creature alive, so long as that feebleness serves to invigorate the energies of my rational and immortal spirit. As long as in that obscurity in which I am enveloped, the Light of the Divine Presence, more clearly shines. Then, in proportion as I am weak, I shall be invincibly strong; and in proportion as I am blind, I shall more clearly see. O, that I may thus be perfected by feebleness, and irradiated by obscurity! And indeed in my blindness, I enjoy in no inconsiderable degree, the favor of the Deity, who regards me with more tenderness and compassion in proportion as I am able to behold nothing but himself. . . Alas! for him who insults me, who maligns, and merits public execration. For the Divine law not only shields me from injury, but almost renders me too sacred to attack, not indeed so much from the privation of my sight, as from the overshadowing of those heavenly wings, which seem to have occasioned this obscurity, and which when occasioned, he is wont to illuminate with an inferior light, more precious and more pure."

In the last English edition of Milton, published at Oxford, the following beautiful lines may be found, with the remark they were among the late effusions of that Master of English Song.

They are really the property of an American writer, Elizabeth Lloyd, a Quakeress of Philadelphia. Their affinity with the above train of thought, will easily account for the error of the compiler, while it does not in any measure lessen the compliment paid the poet, in ranking her composition among the productions of Milton!

"I am old and blind!
Men point to me as smitten by God's frown;
Afflicted, and deserted of my kind,—
Yet I am not cast down.

"I am weak, yet strong,—
I murmur not that I no longer see,—
Poor, old and helpless, I the more belong,
Father Supreme, to Thee!

"O merciful one!
When men are farthest, then Thou art most
near;
When friends pass by—my weakness shun—
Thy chariot I hear.

"Thy glorious face
Is leaning toward me, and its holy light

Shines in upon my lonely dwelling-place,
And there is no more night.

On my bended knee
I recognize Thy purpose clearly shown;
My vision Thou has dimmed that I may see
Thyself, Thyself alone.

I have nought to fear!
This darkness is the shadow of Thy wing—
Beneath it, I am almost sacred—here,
Can come no evil thing.

Oh! I seem to stand
Trembling, where foot of mortal ne'er hath been,
Wrapped in the radiance of thy sinless land,
Which eye hath never seen.

Visions come and go—
Shapes of resplendent beauty round me throng—
From angel lips I seem to hear the flow
Of soft and holy song.

It is nothing now,
When Heaven is opening on my sightless eyes,
When airs from Paradise refresh my brow,
That earth, in darkness lies!

In a purer clime
My being fill with rapture—waves of thought
Roll in upon my spirit—strains sublime
Break o'er me unsought.

Give me now my lyre!
I feel the stirrings of a gift divine;
Within my bosom glows unearthly fire,
Lit by no skill of mine."

A SPECULATION ON FRANCE AND ENGLAND.
—Professor Craik, of the Queen's College, Belfast, has thrown out the following suggestion, in Mr. Charles Knight's "Town and Country Newspaper," as a possible means of placing the present alliance of France and England on a secure and lasting basis.—"A new crisis and a new object may demand a course of some novelty and boldness, and even the application of what may deserve to be called a new principle in the mechanism of politics. What if it were to be agreed between the two countries that every citizen of the one should be held to be also a citizen of the other. Let this be called the principle of mutual citizenship or mutual denizenship. Such an arrangement would overthrow or disturb nothing that is now established in either country. But its force of quiet amalgamation would be incalculable and infinite. Even with two governments, it would make the two nations substantially and really one."

From The Athenaeum.

Embassies and Foreign Courts: a History of Diplomacy. By "The Roving Englishman." Routledge & Co.

A LIVING statesman has said, that diplomatic science would be unnecessary if you could go with a draft treaty in one hand and a pen in the other, and say to a Foreign minister, "Now sir, sign that treaty, or jump out of the window." The object of diplomacy, then, is the persuasion of governments;—it convinces, seduces, or intimidates. Recently, there has been a strong desire on the part of the English public to unveil the mystery of this recondite profession. "The Roving Englishman," who is himself experienced in its arts, is a satirical chronicler. His style is not less lively than severe; not subtle enough for irony, but caustic, free, and full of earnest meaning. As far as the historical department of his subject is concerned, he is, and claims to be, no more than a systematic compiler. The salt of the book is to be found in the keen allusions which cluster around every anecdote, the light struck from ancient and modern instances to illustrate the events of our own times, and the ridicule bestowed on Medieval feelings and manners. The writer pleads for the legitimacy of genius; his portraits are not caricatures, but exposures; his plain speaking is a blight upon the ideal of fans, feathers, and plush. Beyond this, the volume is an admirable manual, skilfully adapted to the purpose of diffusing a general knowledge of the history and the working of diplomacy. It is, however, a fault in a production designed for popular circulation, that readers unacquainted with Latin, German, and French,—and their name is Legion,—will not be able to enjoy some of its most interesting passages.

The best service done by "The Roving Englishman" is that of showing how largely mere personal interests have worked in the policy of courts. Diplomatists rarely, in sentiment, belong to any nation. Their fame originates among themselves, and spreads from that circle outwards. Therefore—to omit all notice of topics so common as the Justinian Code and the early jurists—we find that from the first the power of manners has been appreciated in an ambassador more highly, perhaps, than either intellect or experience.—Manners, it is true, when they influence external minds, are a form of intellectual expression,—but their power does not spread, like that of oratory; it prevails over individuals only. It is true that theoretical diplomats insist upon encyclopedic knowledge in an ambassador; but governments have not always been of that opinion. "Keep a good table and be civil to the women," was Napoleon's summary of instruction. "Above all,

no zeal," was the axiom of Talleyrand—"Listen and look," said a third epigrammatist, "but tell and show nothing." It is agreed, however, that quickness, vigilance, and immaculate good humor are essential.

In former times, when diplomatists were not graduated into ranks, they affected regal manners, and kings accredited their vanity. It was long considered important to define the station, the religion, and the age of an ambassador; but, singularly, women were sometimes admitted into the decorated circle. The Chevalier d'Éon was, until her (or his) death, supposed to be one in disguise; but it is certain that the widow of Marshal Guebriant was envoy from France to the Court of Vladislaus the Fourth, of Poland, in 1646, which character, says Möser, she sustained with much dignity;—with much insolence, according to Laboureur. Her mission, it is true, was of a delicate nature, and gave some license to her pride. The Countess of Königsmark, again, was despatched by Augustus the Second, of Poland, to make terms with Charles the Twelfth, though that fierce monarch refused to negotiate with her. His reasons, however, were public, not personal:—at least they were not those of Philip the Second, who asked Jeannin, a plebeian ambassador of Henry the Fourth, "Are you a gentleman?" "Yes," he answered, "if Adam was one." "But whose son are you?" "The son of my own virtues."

Dining, our Premier has said, is the life and soul of diplomacy. Therefore, ambassadors are encouraged to be hospitable at the public cost, but of any absurdities of ostentation they must defray the expense themselves. In 1775, Prince Repnin, Russian Ambassador at the Porte, caused thirty-three large houses to be furnished splendidly, for himself and his suite, at Constantinople. He acted upon policy, no doubt. Up to the outbreak of the present war, the Russian Embassy was one of the most superb establishments in the Ottoman capital. Formerly, a coach-and-six was supposed essential to the dignity of an ambassador; but the expenditure of these functionaries rose to such a height that a re-action took place, and they lived with less regard to dramatic luxury.

The Eastern system of presents was the next endowment of diplomacy. Some individuals appear to have valued them for the sentiment they expressed, as Lord Cartaret, when Frederick the Fourth of Denmark, at the farewell audience, unbuckled his sword and said, "Since His Excellency the Ambassador has made peace between us and Sweden, we have no longer need of a sword, and his Excellency will oblige us by keeping it as a souvenir." Blucher, however, disgusted by gifts of ribband and decorations, rejoiced when

the foreign Courts "were obliged to come out with their snuff-boxes." In our own times, honorary presents are the rule; but ambassadressses have occasionally worn the jewels which their husbands could not accept. "Ambassadressses," in fact, constitute a particular topic with "The Roving Englishman":—

The ambassadressses no sooner got their title than they resolved to display it in as public a manner as possible. Quiet, sober, old diplomats, all tricks and wig, were promptly married by blooming and strong-minded young females. Widows of large fortune and a taste for society lay in wait for tottering elderly gentlemen, who might have been their grandfathers, and bore them off, in spite of senile struggles, to the nearest clergymen. There was quite a mania for ambassadors among marriageable ladies. Numerous females who had long disappeared miraculously in company with a plate-chest and a captain in the Guards, turned up again in the most unexpected and distressing manner. They threatened their husbands with suits in Doctors' Commons and Consistory Courts, unless they were immediately gratified by the fullest restitution of conjugal rights. Other energetic ladies who had kept their virtue till it was sour, and had hitherto submitted to be stowed away in holes or corners, started off with great decision to the most distant foreign courts; and ambassadors who were whispering sweet nothings (in the interest of their country, of course,) to the most distinguished beauties of Paris and Madrid were horror-stricken at receiving a well-known box on the ear, and an order to take larger lodgings, from an awful person, with a false front and an antediluvian bonnet, whom they had not seen these twenty years. Diplomacy, from being rather a jolly profession than otherwise, became as gloomy as the private life of a comic actor, and most of the small-legged, knocked-kneed, dried-up little beaux, in peach-blossom coats, who were among the diplomatic celebrities of those times, thought of the Pope with a bitterness and impotence of anger, which was the laughter of all the pages and equeuries in Europe.

The wives of envoys and ministers of a lower grade than ambassadors were not received at the old court of France with so much distinction as ambassadressses. The king did not kiss them, nor did his sons or daughters, and they were not asked to be seated,—for it was the privilege of ambassadressses to be kissed, and to sit on a stool in the presence of empresses and queens, or, at the Vatican, on three cushions placed on the floor:—

There was a great dispute at Stockholm, in 1782. The wife of the Austrian envoy (a diplomatist of the second class) actually refused to kiss the queen's hand unless her majesty gave her a return kiss on the cheek in the same manner as to the wives of senators. Here was a pretty business. The queen refused to receive her at all; and resolved to be revenged on the

bumptious little Austrian. Her majesty watched an opportunity with female patience and address. It came, as all opportunities of punishing insolence do come if we wait for them. The Austrian lady went to a ball at the town-hall. Austrian ladies dance very well, and I dare say she liked it. She little knew the sleepless vivacity of a royal pique. Immediately the royal family arrived, and they probably came on purpose; the master of the ceremonies approached her with his most official countenance. Let a country gentleman ask for a passport at our British Foreign Office, and he will get an idea of the offended majesty which glowed in the master of the ceremonies' eyes on this occasion: a quaint picture of the lofty and absurd.—"Sir," said the little lady, stopping in her capers very unwillingly, "you interrupt me."—The official mouth moved with an official whisper.—The Austrian could not or would not hear, but she blushed scarlet, and her eyes filled with tears.—Again the official mouth moved. Its words were not very plain or polite, official words seldom are, but their purport for a wonder was intelligible. "She had not been presented, and therefore could not remain within the august precincts of the royal circle!" I am bound to say that I would not have sat at meat that evening with the offended lady—no, not to have been introduced to an accommodating bill-discounter the next morning. The queen had had her revenge, but the insult so rankled, that she who had received it never rested till her husband had solicited his recall, and stirred up the Imperial court to resent the affront. This woman's quarrel about a kiss interrupted all international business between Austria and Sweden during no less than six years, for another envoy was not sent to Stockholm till 1788.

"The Roving Englishman" has another story,—but we leave the responsibility of its relation to him:—

A distinguished traveller used to tell an odd story as to a dispute touching the reception of a Spanish minister's wife. This lady was not received at court, not because she was merely of low birth, but because she had committed the indiscretion of having been found out in an intrigue with the notorious Prince of the Peace. Her husband was of course instructed by his spouse to refuse to submit tamely to the indignity offered to her. There were many ladies about the court, she urged with great truth, who were quite as bad as she was, or perhaps worse; and as to their not having been found out, she did not see what that mattered, for anybody might find them out who pleased. Therefore her husband wrote an official letter of remonstrance, in which he argued the point with unanswerable force and frankness. "My wife," said he, in this sensible document, "as the wife of the minister of Spain, is a public woman, in the same manner as I am a public man, and therefore she ought to be received at court."—"Parдон, M. le Ministre," returned the obdurate organ of a cruel court, "that is the very reason why she is not received."

The round table of diplomacy was applied (as perhaps King Arthur designed it) to appease the strife for precedence. Upon this, however, the first ambassador, as he sat down, claimed his own place at the head of the table. If so much was conceded to him, the others insisted on taking that place by turns. Every diplomatist handed his colleagues a copy of the treaty signed by him alone, so that each one had his name at the top of the signatures:—

Sometimes the raging vanity of these official peacemakers has been soothed by fixing their place at a conference according to the date of their arrival, and many post-horses were killed in this way before the invention of railways. Sometimes they have been all allowed to enter a room at the same time through different doors. Each diplomatist having a man Friday to peep through the keyhole, and see that he was prepared to make a rush (and win by a neck, if possible) immediately the bolt was withdrawn, and the signal to start given by the master of the ceremonies, or one of the sticks in waiting, who were, of course, obliged to be present as a gentle warning on such occasions.

It was at length settled that, at a round table, the seat next the door was the place of honor, that on the right of it the second, that on the left the third. Diplomatists in the East, however, who have managed by desperate manœuvring to get on the right hand of the Grand-Turk, have been mortified to sickness by learning that, among Eastern nations, the left hand side is the place of honor:—

Now for a puzzler. Suppose a band of well-wigged diplomatists to be seated at a long table, two sides of which are precisely equal. Their ideas are all dated 1801, of course, and they are met to take counsel for the peace of the world. Very good! The well-wigged diplomatist who has just been slightly inconvenienced by having sneezed out a jovial trio of false teeth, on which he has relied to do the smiling part, is at the head of the table. The man on his right, who seems kept from doubling up by a most portentous cravat, holds the second place, and hard work he has had to get it, having been twice winded by a person who seems all snuff and nose, and who would infallibly have got the second place, but that somebody trod on his favorite corn during the general scuffle at the door. The second man on the right-hand side is the third in rank, and the second man on the left is the fourth, and the third man on the right is the fifth. * * This is really the principal business, all the rest is mere wax and parchment,—and as for the blood and money, we can sing the songs of Dibdin and Campbell till we are quite in a patriotic glow about it.

At Constantinople the reception of ambas-

sadors has lost its dignity. The Sultan is lectured by them, says "The Roving Englishman," as though he were a criminal, and the "representatives of the Great Powers" are crowded together without ceremony or precedence. In another quarter of the globe the Sultan's viceroy has been imposed upon by superior impudence rather than by superior power:—

A certain M. Le Coq was sent on a mission to Morocco, in order to recover indemnity for six Belgian vessels which had been plundered by the Moors. Fully persuaded that neither the sultan nor his ministers knew half as much about Belgium as we know of the moon, he resolved gradually to enlighten them on the subject before entering on the business of his negotiation. At Gibraltar, therefore, he purchased an immense map which he caused to be brightly colored, and on which Belgium appeared one of the largest kingdoms of the earth. France, Holland, and Germany, were almost entirely swallowed by the "Royaume de Belgique" of M. le Coq. Having thus secured his country so favorable a position, it was necessary to explain how it got there, and as an illustration he chose the recent case of Algiers, the only state in the world of which the sultan or his ministers had probably any real knowledge. So the fluent tongue of M. le Coq proceeded to tell the sultan and his oozier that a contemptible people called the Dutch had in former times assailed the renowned kingdom of Belgium, much in the same way as that pestilent race the French had recently attacked Algiers. In the end, however, they had met with the fate which would infallibly await the French, and had been driven like chaff before the wind by the true believers of Belgium, who had thus recently regained their country. The sultan and his court were so enchanted by M. le Coq's historical knowledge and excellent principles, that they at once resolved to comply with his request, and entertained every proper respect for the kingdom of Belgium for some time afterwards.

The reader knows by this time in what manner he will be informed, and entertained by "The Roving Englishman," who has produced this pleasant book. We must, however, enter a protest against one opinion, that it is a disgrace to any diplomatist to fail in a mission with justice on his side. The world would not be what it is if the whole, or the greater part of this proposition were true.

SHORT-LIVED CHOLER.—The provincial papers record, as a wonder, that the Americans are wearing "paper shirt-collars, which a New York manufactory throws off at the rate of a thousand an hour." The invention is in keeping with the "Go-a-head" nation. What is paper, but linen in an advanced stage of existence?—*Punch*.

From Chambers's Journal.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

WHAT British boy or girl does not know the name of Hans Christian Andersen, the kindly, genial, quaint, and loving story-teller of Denmark?—the chronicler of that immortal “Ugly Duckling,” whose “Eventyr” has invested with romantic interest the quackings of every web-footed denizen of the poultry-yard. In many a nursery, the warlike “tin-soldier” (now invariably a Russian, as he used to be a Frenchman), the top, the ball, and even Nurse’s darning-needle, have all become so many deathless heroes of romance, through the magic touch of this gentle Scandinavian enchanter. All his works have been, as they well deserve to be, translated into English, with the exception of his very last, *Mit Liv’s Eventyr*, which has but just appeared in Copenhagen, and of which we have been so fortunate as to obtain a copy. It is a continuation and extension of the *True Story of My Life*, which brought down Andersen’s autobiography to the year 1846, and of which a translation, by Mary Howitt, appeared in London in 1847. The present work, which forms the twenty-second and concluding volume of a collected edition of his writings, takes up his history at that point, and brings it down to the present year. It will, no doubt, ere long be translated *in extenso*; but meanwhile we are happy to present our readers with a few extracts, chiefly descriptive of his visit to England and Scotland in 1847. He says:—

“ King Christian VIII. had received from the well-known London publisher, Richard Bentley, a handsomely bound edition of my translated works. The kindly feeling which his majesty entertained towards me was greatly increased when he read the *True Story of My Life*.

“ Now, for the first time, I know you thoroughly,” said he cordially to me one day when I entered the audience-chamber, in order to present a copy of my last book. “ I see you so seldom,” continued the king. “ We must talk together oftener.”

“ That depends on your majesty,” answered I.

“ Yes, yes—you are right!” said he; and then, in the kindest manner, expressed his pleasure at the fame I had won in Germany and England. Before I took leave, the king inquired: “ Where do you dine to-morrow?”

“ At the restaurant,” was my reply.

“ Better come to us, and dine with me and my wife. We sit down to table at four o’clock.”

As I mentioned before, I had received from the Princess of Prussia a beautiful album, in which were many interesting autographs.—

Their majesties looked over it; and when I took it back, I found that the king had written in it the following sentence:—

“ Through well employed talents to achieve for one’s self an honorable position, is better than favor and riches. Let these lines remind you of your well-wishing friend,

CHRISTIAN R.”

It was dated the 2d of April, which the king knew was my birthday. The Queen Caroline Amelia had also written a few kind and gracious words. No costly gift could have gladdened me so much as these treasures of word and spirit. One day, the king asked me if I were not going to England. I answered that I hoped to do so in the course of the approaching summer.

“ You can get money from me,” said his majesty.

I thanked him, but said: “ I have no need of that; for the German edition of my works, I have received eight hundred rix-dollars, and that money I can spend in travelling.

“ But,” said the king smiling, “ in England you will be the living representative of Danish literature, and you must therefore live in some measure well and handsomely” (*smukt og godt*).

“ Oh, so I will; and as soon as my cash runs short, I’ll travel homewards.”

“ You can write directly to me for whatever you need,” said the king.

“ O no, your majesty, I shall not do that; another time, perhaps, I may trespass on your kindness; but one ought not to be always tormenting, and I hate to talk about money! But may I write to your majesty without asking for anything? Write—not as to the king—for then it could be only a formal epistle—but as to one whom I hold very dear?” The king graciously gave his permission, and seemed pleased with the manner in which I had met his proffered kindness.

Our author left Copenhagen in May 1847, and travelled through Holland to Rotterdam. There he embarked on board a steamer for London; and he describes in a lively manner the impression which the Thames, with its forests of masts and innumerable steamers produced on his mind. From the Custom house, where he landed, he took a “cap”—a species of vehicle he holds in especial favor—and drove to a hotel in Leicester Square, to which he had been recommended by H. C. Ørsted. Here he at first fancied himself in excellent quarters, although he says: “ The red yellow sun shone in through my window, as if through the glass of an oil-flask; but the Danish ambassador, Count Reventlow, whom he called on next morning, warned him not on any account to say that he lived in Leicester Square, which was by no means a fashionable locality

"And yet," remarks our honest Dane, "I lived close to Piccadilly, in a large square, where the Earl of Leicester's marble statue stood amidst green trees. The Chevalier Bunsen, Count Reventlow, and several ambassadors, visited me there; but it was not the fashion. In England, everything is etiquette;—even the Queen herself is bound by it in her own house. I was told, that one day when she was out airing in one of the beautiful parks, she would fain have prolonged her drive, but eight o'clock was the precise hour for dinner; and if she did not return to the minute, all England would animadvert on her conduct. In freedom's land, one is near dying of etiquette; yet that is, after all, but a trifle, where there is so much that is excellent."

Count Reventlow, on the day after his arrival, obtained for him an invitation to an evening party at Lord Palmerston's, where he was delighted with his reception—having made, as his countryman assured him, "a sudden jump into high life." Yet the honeyed words of the Duchess of Suffolk, who called the *Improvisatore* "the best book about Italy," or the interest testified by the Duke of Cambridge respecting Christian VIII., could not prevent Andersen from feeling thoroughly overcome by the heat, the crowd, "the moving on polished floors, and listening to a chattering in divers languages which I did not understand." "Many," he says, "handed me their cards with invitations." "To-morrow," whispered his friend in Danish, "we'll look over the cards, and choose the best!" Invitations poured in upon him; and in three weeks he became quite tired of the whirl of high life. One day he repaired to Brompton to visit Jenny Lind, who lived there in a pretty cottage.

"When she saw me from the window," he says, "she ran out to the door, seized both my hands, and led me into the sitting room. A crowd of persons were always loitering about the garden gate, with the hope of seeing her. On her table lay several elegantly bound books; amongst them she showed me the *True Story of My Life*, which Mary Howitt had dedicated to her. Beside it lay a large caricature, representing a nightingale with a woman's face. Lumley, standing by, was strewing sovereigns over her neck, in order to make her sing. We talked of our home in the north, and of many other things. She promised to give me a ticket to the Opera every time she sang. I must not think, she said, of buying one, they were so ridiculously dear. 'Let me sing for you there, and then, at home, you can read a story for me!' Only twice, however, did my numerous engagements permit me to use the punctually sent tickets."

Count Reventlow took Andersen to visit Lady Morgan. The old lady had requested

him to defer his visit until she should have read his works, which it appears she had not previously done. He seems to have been more gratified with an evening, which he spent at the Countess of Blessington's. "Charles Dickens," he says, "came in, young, handsome, with an intelligent friendly expression of countenance, and beautiful hair, falling down at each side. We pressed each other's hand, spoke and understood each other. I was so glad to meet the one of England's living authors, whom I prized the most highly, that my eyes filled with tears. Dickens understood my feelings: he sat near me at table, and took wine with me, as did also the present Duke of Wellington, then Marquis of Douro."

"St. Paul's," he says, "looks better on the outside than it does within. It struck me as resembling a fine pantheon, with its marble monuments. In Nelson's, stands a youthful figure pointing towards one of the four names of battles which are there inscribed. That one is Copenhagen; and, as a Dane, I felt that it was as if he wished to efface it from the triumph."

The present Baron Hambro invited Andersen to visit him at his country-seat near Edinburgh. The invitation was accepted; and, furnished by Mr. Jordan with a letter of introduction to Lord Jeffrey, our author travelled northwards. There is nothing very remarkable in the account of his visit to Scotland. He describes Edinburgh and the surrounding country pretty much as any common place tourist might do, and scarcely names any trait of individual interest, save such as tend to his own glorification. Indeed, truth to tell, the quaint naïvete of the *man* is sadly spoiled by the absorbing egotism of the *author*. He says: "I met the jovial critic Wilson; he was all life and spirits, and jestingly called me 'brother.' Critics of the most opposite parties united in testifying good-will towards me. 'The Danish Walter Scott' was the honorable title which many conferred on me, unworthy of it. The authoress, Mrs. Crowe, brought me her novel *Susan Hopley*, which has been translated into Danish."

Andersen had received a gracious invitation to visit the Queen and Prince Albert in the Isle of Wight; but was not able, when in England, to avail himself of it. It was then intimated to him that he might wait upon Her Majesty at Balmoral; but alas! our honest Dane's cash began to run short. He felt an honorable delicacy in trespassing on the liberality of his friends here, or of his sovereign in Denmark; and, aware that a visit to English royalty would necessarily entail considerable expense, he magnanimously resolved to forego that honor, as well as the great pleasure of a visit to Abbotsford. On his journey to the south he met in a railway carriage Theodore

Hook and his wife. They made acquaintance with him, and told him that the newspapers contained a full account of his visit to the Queen!

"The Scottish journals said that I had read some of my tales aloud for Her Majesty; and yet there was not one word of truth in it. At one of the railway stalls, I bought the last number of *Punch*. It was mentioned in it, with a remark to the effect, that it was strange that I, a foreigner, an author from another country, should be honored by England's Queen with an invitation, which was not given to any English writer. All this pained me considerably; but with respect to what *Punch* had said, my fellow traveller comforted me by remarking: 'That it was a certain sign of popularity to be noticed in that paper: many Englishmen would give a great deal of money to obtain such a distinction!'

When Andersen returned to London, he found it quite deserted by the *beau monde*. On invitation, he visited Mr. Dickens, and was hospitably entertained by him in his pleasant cottage at Broadstairs. He says: "We talked of Denmark and Danish literature; of Germany and its language, which Dickens wished to learn. After dinner, the children came in. 'We have plenty of them!' said Dickens.—There were five, for the sixth was away from Home. They all kissed me, and the youngest one kissed his own little open hand, and then offered it to me. With coffee came in a young lady—one of my admirers, Dickens said, to whom he had promised an invitation whenever I came. The evening passed swiftly. Mrs. Dickens was quite full of Jenny Lind, and wished greatly to possess her autograph, which it was very difficult to obtain. I happened to have the little note in which the great songstress had bidden me welcome to London, and told me her address; that I gave to Mrs. Dickens. It was late in the evening when we parted, and Dickens promised to write to me to Denmark.

Yet we were to meet once more. The next morning, when I was about to start in the packet from Ramsgate, my kind friend made his appearance. "I must still say another farewell!" he exclaimed, and accompanied me on board, where he remained till the last moment. We pressed each other's hand; he looked with his bright heartful eyes so kindly into mine; and as the vessel sped onwards, he stood on the verge of the light house, looking so brave, so young, so handsome, as he waved his hat—Dickens was the last to wait me a greeting from dear England's coast.

The first little book I wrote after my return to Copenhagen, I called *A Christmas Greeting to my English Friends*. It was dedicated to Charles Dickens, and sent to him. I received the following reply:

"A thousand thanks, my dear Andersen, for your kind and most highly-prized remembrance of me in your Christmas-book. I am very proud of it, feel myself highly honored thereby; and I cannot sufficiently express how greatly I value such an evidence of friendship from a man of your genius.

Your book has rendered my Christmas hearth more joyous. We are all enchanted with it. The little boy, and the old man, and the tin-soldier, are my especial favorites. I read these stories over several times, and always with unspeakable pleasure. A few days since I was in Edinburgh, where I saw some of your friends, who spoke much of you. Come to England again—and soon! But whatever you do, do not cease to write, for we could not afford to lose even one of your thoughts. They are so simply and truly beautiful that you must not keep them confined in your own head.

We have long since returned from the coast where I bade you farewell, and are again in our own house. My wife sends you her affectionate remembrances; her sister sends the same, and so do all the children. And as we are all of the same mind, I pray you to receive the whole summed up in a loving greeting from your sincere and admiring friend,

CHARLES DICKENS.*

The year 1848 came on—a remarkable year, a volcanic year—in which the great time-wave rolled bloodily also over our fatherland. In the beginning of January, King Christian VIII. lay sick. The last time I saw him was one evening when I received an invitation to tea, and to bring something with me to read for his majesty. I found with him only the queen, one lady and one gentleman in waiting. The king greeted me in his usual kind and cordial manner; but he could not rise from the sofa. I read aloud two chapters of my then unfinished romance, *The Two Baronesses*, and afterwards two or three short tales. The king seemed quite lively, and laughed and talked as usual. When I was going away, he nodded to me from his couch, and the last words I heard him utter were: "We must see each other soon again." But it was not to be. He became very ill. I felt a restless fear of losing him, and went out daily to Amelieburg to inquire. Soon came the certainty that this sickness was unto death. Deeply moved, I went with the sad tidings to Glenschiøger, who, strangely enough, could not yet believe that the king's

* This letter appears in H. C. Andersen's book translated into Danish, and is now again rendered into English. It is probable that the double translation has considerably altered the original *tourne de phrase*.

life was in danger. He saw my agitation, and burst into tears, so heartfelt was his attachment to our king. The next day, I met him on the palace-steps, leaning on Christiani, who had just left the royal bed-chamber. Elenschläger was very pale, and spoke not a word, but pressed my hand in passing, while the tears stood in his eyes. The king had been given over!

On the 20th of January, I stood in the evening, amid the snow, and gazed up at the windows of the chamber where my king lay dying. Next morning, when I returned, there was a crowd outside the palace. Christian VIII. lay dead! I went home, and wept long and bitterly for him whom I had loved so well, and now had lost for ever in this world!

How well it speaks for both sovereign and subject when the one inspires, and the other feels, such honest personal affection! Andersen's experiences of crowned heads seem to have been always of a pleasant and kindly nature. In 1849, he made a tour in Sweden, and was introduced at the court of King Oscar.

He met me in so cordial a manner, that it almost seemed to me as if we had often before met and conversed together; yet this was the first time. I thanked his majesty for the Order of the North Star, which he had graciously conferred upon me. We spoke of the resemblance between Stockholm and Constantinople, and of the excellent discipline and piety of the Swedish soldiers. The king said that he had read what I had written respecting the Swede's sojourn in Fünen; and declared his warm sympathy for the Danish people, his friendship for their king. We spoke of the war.* I said that it lay in the nation's character, that where it felt it had right, it held fast by it, and forgot its own smallness. I appreciated the king's noble disposition. He invited me to dinner. "The queen, my wife," said he,

* Between Denmark and Prussia.

"knows your writings, and will gladly become personally acquainted with you."

In the course of another tour, he came to the town of Eisenach, where in the small palace, dwelt the Duchess of Orleans with her two sons. Andersen was presented to her by the Grand-duke of Weimar. "I had heard of her exceeding kindness and generosity according to her means, so that her residence was a blessing to the whole place. When I saw her, the thought of all she had suffered, and the vicissitudes of her life, had such an effect on me, that my eyes filled with tears before I had uttered a word. She perceived it, and kindly stretched out her hand to me. Perceiving that I was looking at the portrait of her husband, which hung upon the wall, and which represented him young and blooming as I had seen him in Paris, her eyes also filled with tears as she spoke of him and of her children. They knew my stories, she said. She was dressed ready for an excursion of some miles into the country, but asked me to dine with her the next day. I had to answer that I was just about to take my departure from the town, but hoped to return thither in about a year. "A year!" she repeated. "How much may happen in a year, when so many things occur even in a few hours!" In taking leave, she graciously pressed my hand; and, greatly moved, I left that noble princess, whose fate has been a hard one, but whose heart is strong, trusting in her God."

Our space forbids our making any further extracts from this interesting book, but we will give its author's concluding words:—

"In our progress towards God, the bitter and the painful elements evaporate; the beautiful remains behind, as a rainbow in the sky. May men judge me as mildly as I in my heart judge them; and they will do so! The confessions of a lifetime have, with the good and noble, the power of a hallowed shrift: to them I safely commit myself. Candidly and confidently, as if conversing with dear friends, have I here related the Story of my life."

ABD-EL-KADER'S PRESENTS.—Abd-el-Kader has arrived in Paris. His health continues to improve. He brought with him some magnificent presents for the Empress and the ladies of the Court. The present for the Empress consists of a pair of slippers so richly set with precious stones as to be worth 20,000 piastres, and a rich carpet for the side of a bed. The Princess Mathilde is to receive a complete coffee service in chased silver, in the fashion of Constantinople and on the salver the Emir has caused to be engraved some Arab verses, complimentary to the Princess. A splendid embroidered napkin covers

the salver, and it alone is worth 5,000 piastres.—Accompanying the service is a quantity of mocha coffee, and also a mill to grind it; so that the Princess will be able to drink coffee exactly as it is prepared in the seraglio. The other objects brought by the Emir consists of pipes, nargilhes, carpets, scarfs, and other Oriental articles.

PROCRASTINATION.—It is with our good intentions as with our dishes—to-morrow is but too often the hash of to-day.—*Punch.*

NEWFOUNDLAND. .

The dangers of missionary life in the extreme North are enough to make us shrink, like cowards, when we read of what is and has been done, by the servants of God, among the snows. The following account of an incident in the life of Archdeacon Wix, is of great interest; and what follows it, shows that dangers exist now, as well as then. — *Church Journal.*

BEFORE Bishop Spencer was consecrated, in 1839, Archdeacon Wix was the resident head of our church in that Colony. Some years ago, he desired to make a visitation of all under his jurisdiction; and he has written a very interesting account of his progress along the coast, and of one attempt to cross the island on foot. His account of all the various settlements, and the remarkable difference in the habits and manners of the inhabitants that even a few miles' distance would show, is very curious. Sometimes he could trace the influence for good of one religious emigrant, settling many years back; and, without the help of clergyman or teacher of any kind, keeping up, amongst his neighbors the observances of religion, the assembling each Sunday for service, and a love for the Church; so that when the Missionary did arrive, he was received with joy and entreaties to stay among them. Sometimes he would find the very reverse of all this: a population lost to all religion, and sunk in heathenism and heathenish vices.

But it is his journey inland that I wish to relate: — The island had been once crossed by an adventurous traveller, and the maps are marked by a line showing "Cormack's track." This good Missionary thought that what a spirit of adventure had worked in one man, the love of souls should do in him. His aim was to reach a certain point in his route with least expense of time. The mode of travelling, through snow, is most toilsome. He and his guides equipped themselves in snow-shoes, which are immense sledge-like contrivances, nearly a yard long, in which the inexperienced fall down continually. They travelled part of the way with a company of Mic-Mac Indians — a tribe from the continent of North America, which had been converted by the French Missionaries, and who pleased him much by their gentle, kind, and decorous manners. The journey was undertaken in March, when the snow was still unmelted and the frost severe, but the days comparatively long. Every day, at 4 o'clock, they had to begin to prepare for the night's lodging, by first digging a hole several feet in the snow as a protection from the wind, and also to find a hearth of earth for the fire; and next, to fell a considerable quantity of trees for fuel, to be burnt through the night, without which they must have perished from cold. But these were

not their chief difficulties. After leaving their Indian companions, they began to find their provisions fail. They had calculated on shooting game as they went along; but here one great danger of snow-travelling visited them: almost the whole party were seized with snow-blindness, caused by the keenness of the wind, the glare of the snow, and the blaze of the sunshine upon it. Their Indian guide, on whom they depended for showing the way and seeking their food, was attacked with this disorder, nor could any situation be more terrible: they were, indeed, in the most imminent danger of perishing from hunger. But the Missionary's faith and courage never failed him. He perceived now that their only chance was to return by the same path they had come. He measured out to each of the party as small a quantity of the biscuit-powder he had with him as would preserve life, trusting it would thus hold out till they reached some venison which, four days back, the Indian party had buried in the snow. Having abstained from rubbing his eyes, his own sight was feebly returning to him; this amendment was assisted by a thick fog, which took the place of the sunshine, though at the same time it hid many landmarks. The Indian guide (though unable to see for any length of time), by closing his eyes except at moments when his judgment was needed, could still perform his part. The Archdeacon then led him from point to point, where he opened his eyes to look around. In this way, "the blind leading the blind," they providentially succeeded, each night, in reaching the lodgings they had made on their advance, for their strength would by no means have held out under the labor of making a fresh sleeping-place; and in this way they reached the desired provision, and in the end arrived in safety at the harbor they had quitted — but with faces so frightfully swollen, discolored, and cracked and parched by wind and frost, that the archdeacon could not be recognized.

This journey was taken twenty years ago, and published to acquaint people with the interior of that unexplored country. The Missionaries of the present time are not without similar trials: — The Rev. William Kepple White, while stationed at Harbor Buffet, Long Island, describes the perils of the winter and spring of 1854. The poor, in all cold countries, are certain to suffer extremely towards the close of a long frost-bound winter. Of course it needs abundant supplies, and forethought in using them, to hold out till the growing season comes, and these fishermen are far from provident. The short summer, which is also their fishing season, *their harvest*, is their time of prosperity, when too often their gains are lavished in drinking (a great vice among these people) and foolish profusion. They will not make what provision they might against the

hard times that must infallibly come. I will conclude this paper with Mr. White's own account of the difficulties in which he found himself. It was happy indeed for these poor people that they had some one so careful, not only of their spiritual, but also their temporal necessities.

Situated upon an island and surrounded with ice, it was impossible to communicate with the mainland, and I knew that our food could not hold out much longer, even if all the inhabitants made a common stock. We were thus like a ship in distress; while on the opposite shore there were several families even worse off, only waiting for the ice to open, to come hither and augment our difficulties and sufferings. I had endeavored to purchase food in the Harbor; and, after visiting every house, had succeeded in obtaining one barrel of flour, which I placed in my own pantry, and prepared for the worst. I at the first resolved to distribute this flour, in small quantities, to the sick and aged; but I soon found that I could make no such distinction; and it also rapidly disappeared as I distributed it, with my own hands, in quantities of ten to twenty pounds.

We were now in extremity. I had the usual daily prayers in the church, and I cannot say that I ever really despaired of help in our time of need. On the 3d of April the ice opened a little, and I sent a boat to Placentia, in the hope of getting my letters, and at all events hearing in what quarter it was likely I could obtain food. But soon after her departure the ice and wind came round, and she was kept away. On the 6th the wind changed, and we looked for our messenger; but a belt of ice stretched along the shore, entirely shutting in the Harbor. I went to the lookout, and saw more ice rapidly coming in, and a boat, which I hoped to be the long-looked-for craft; but she was outside the belt of ice, and as the wind was rising I saw but little hope of her getting in except at a point of land, where she could only discharge in calm weather. I went home disappointed, though still cheered by the

hope that she had discharged her errand at Placentia, a fact which I much feared before. In the evening a messenger came, in haste, to report that she was my craft, that she had *twenty* barrels of Indian meal on board for me, and that my man was trying to land at the point already mentioned. The excitement now was very great. I called my churchwarden and servant, and as evening was fast coming on, ran with eagerness towards the point, to reach which, however, as it was on an island, we must cross a portion of the Harbor; here, the slob ice rapidly coming in, almost checked our progress.

However, we got over, but only just in time to see my boat scudding before the coming gale. We were about to return, again disappointed, when, seeing some people, we went on; but before we got to them, while struggling through bushes thick with snow and ice, we met my man staggering under a bag containing six months' letters and newspapers, who assured us that there really were nineteen barrels of Indian meal to my charge on board.

The next day, the wind having abated and the ice a little opened, the meal arrived off the entrance of the harbor; but before it could be landed, *nearly three* barrels were distributed, in small quantities, to starving creatures.

I thankfully took possession of the rest, and although I had no letter respecting it, commenced a distribution. About a week after, when a considerable portion had been expended, I received a letter, advising me that this meal was sent for some other harbors, eighteen or twenty miles away, and not for us. But as I was enabled to relieve the wants of these other harbors, very little difficulty ensued. Thus was I engaged with the relief of the poor until the middle of May; but I trust I was still discharging my duty to the Society, since many opportunities for Christian advice, counsel, or reproof offered themselves, which I embraced without regard to age or sect.—*Gospel Missionary.*

PRICE OF LAND AT MELBOURNE.—We think £1000 or £2000 per acre near London high, but here it fetches from £4000 to £6000! Houses are frequently pointed out to me in the outskirts as having recently been sold, with a garden, for £10,000 or £12,000, which in the finest suburbs of London would not fetch above £2000. Little houses in the town, which in London, in good streets, would let for £40 a year, here let for

£400. My brother has built two good houses near his own, which would not let in London for more than £70 a year each, or £150 together; he lets the two for £1200. And there is a single house near, worth in London or its environs perhaps £120 a year, for which the modest sum of £2000 a year is asked!—a sum that would purchase it at home.—*Howitt's Land, Labor, and Gold.*

From Chambers's Journal.

WHAT THE FRENCH ARE DOING.

THE French Exposition, though less effective than ours as a spectacle, is found, on careful examination in detail, to present extraordinary signs of progress in mechanical art—not so much in the form of new inventions, as in perfecting what was already known. In this respect, the collection surprises those best able to form an opinion of its value; and the adjudication of medals will be made in conformity with it. Many, who not being inventors, have taken up an invention and converted it into branch of industry, will have a medal; the development of industry and skill being considered by the juries—and rightly—worthy of reward.

Some of the things exhibited are well worth attention on this side the Channel, and we must not let the war divert us from consideration of the ways and means by which it is to be carried on, and social welfare promoted. There is Beaumont and Mayer's thermogenic-engine, which heats water and generates steam without fuel or fire. As yet, its applicability to mechanical purposes is not apparent; but ways have been found of turning it to account. For instance, it is kept fully employed in heating the chocolate sold in thousands of cups per day to visitors; and this is accomplished without any breach of the law that prohibits fire within the building. And the Emperor, having seen the engine in action, ordered one to be sent to the Crimea, where, in case of the troops having to pass another winter there, it would serve to heat soup, coffee, or water, whether fuel was to be had or not—no unimportant consideration during a campaign. Moreover, it may supply heat to the cooking-galley of a ship, as well as to the chocolate establishment; and thus shows how a source of danger from fire on shipboard may be avoided.

The construction of this machine is simple enough to be understood from a brief description. A boiler is made, traversed by a conical tube of copper, 30 inches diameter at the top, 35 inches at the bottom, inside of which a cone of wood of the same shape is fitted, enveloped in a padding of hemp. An oil-vessel keeps the hemp continually lubricated, and the wooden cone is so contrived as to press steadily against the inside of the copper, and to rotate rapidly by means of a crank turned by hand or horse-power. The whole of the boiler outside of the copper cone is filled with water. Thus constructed, the machine in the Exposition, with 400 revolutions a minute, makes 400 litres of water boil in about three hours by the mere effect of the friction of the oiled tow against the copper. When once the boiling-point is reached, it may be maintained for any length of time, or as long as the movement is continued. It is quite easy to keep the steam in the boiler at a pressure of two atmospheres, where, besides the uses above mentioned, it blows a whistle as lustily as any locomotive.

Many improvements of telegraphic apparatus are exhibited; Gintl's, for sending messages in opposite directions at the same time; Varley's 'translator,' for employing Morse's printing apparatus in connection with the needle-telegraph;

and Breguet's portable instrument, one of which, we are told, is carried by every train in France. Should any stoppage or accident occur, the conductor alights with the instrument, connects one wire with the earth, the other with the line of telegraph, and can thus communicate with the stations on either side of him. Breguet has also his 'electric-monitor and automatic-controller,' by which the 'coaching-superintendent' of any line can be kept informed of the progress of a train through its whole journey, the signals being transmitted as it passes each distance-post. Another instrument, by the same maker, is intended for use in the termini, or where the premises are extensive. A train arrives; a clerk touches the commutator of the instrument; a hammer is released, which, striking a large bell, the sound is heard afar, and brings the porters and attendants together; and, by the number of strokes on the bell, tells whether the arrival is a passenger or luggage train. Breguet is one of those who will have a medal for creating an industry; he employs numerous workmen, and has made more than 4000 instruments. His watch—also in the Exposition—excites much interest and admiration: it tells the name and day of the month, the equation of time; is a repeater, striking the minute as well as the hour; is a thermometer of tolerable accuracy, and winds itself up by the action of its own movement. The price of this remarkable piece of workmanship is 30,000 francs.

The calculating-machine—that specimen of Swedish ingenuity, which was shown in London for some months of the present year—is now in Paris. And little less extraordinary is the composing and distributing machine in the Danish department—as though Sweden and Denmark were having a trial of skill. Machines for setting up or for distributing type are not new, but this combines both operations; and while the compositor is composing a page by playing on a series of keys arranged as in the piano, the type that has been printed from is distributed at the same moment. Much time is thereby saved; in addition to which the machine—so say the inventors—will do the work of four men. An eminent London publisher who has seen it, thinks the working capability rather under than over stated.

Apropos of printing: those who saw the collection of books printed at Tours, can hardly fail to have been struck by their cheapness. We do not mean cheapness and bad quality; for the books are unexceptionable in paper, typography, engravings, and binding; and we know of no case in which the material and workmanship are equalled at the same cost. The establishment at Tours has been in existence upwards of a century, but only within recent years has it grown to its present development. It is indeed a book-factory, where every part of the production is carried on, and excellence and low price insured by the division of labor. It is well worth a visit. The books are mostly such as are to be read by Roman Catholics. They never contain anything offensive to good morals; and, being recommended by the bishops and other clergy, the sale and circulation are immense.

There are many interesting things, too, show-

ing what may be done in the multiplication of food-resources. M. Magnin of Clermont-Ferrand, has been so successful in converting the common red hard wheat of Auvergne, once thought useless, into vermicelli, macaroni, semolina, etc., that in the country around Le Puy there are not fewer than 1500 mills, and the quantity produced is reckoned by millions of kilogrammes. In 1837, France imported 1,000,000 kilogrammes from Italy; now the importation is described as next to nothing.

There is also the process for preserving vegetables; and another by which fresh meat may be kept, perfectly sweet, for perhaps an unlimited time. There are legs of mutton, loins of veal, poultry, etc., in the Exposition, which were prepared three years ago, and are still as good as on the first day of their treatment, and show no signs of alteration. They have all the odor and appearance of meat recently killed, no taint or shrinking being perceptible. There are fruits, also, preserved in the same way—bunches of grapes, melons, ap-

ples, etc.; and vegetables, among which a cauliflower is as plump and bright with bloom as if but just brought from the garden. What renders the process the more remarkable is, that no pains are required to exclude air from the things preserved, a wire-screen alone being necessary to keep off flies and other insects. A three-years' trial may perhaps be considered decisive; and now there remains to see whether place or climate affect the result. If not, the discovery—if such it be—may be regarded as one likely to prove highly beneficial. One of our most eminent savans was offered a leg of mutton on his departure from Paris, that he might convince his friends in England of the reality of the process for preservation. What the process is, remains a secret; but we have heard whispered by a distinguished chemist that it consists in nothing more than brief immersion in very weak sulphuric acid. The acid, it is said, so coagulates the albumen, that a coat is formed on the surface of the joints, impervious to the air, and without affecting the flavor.

VOICES OF THE DUMB.—It is a curious fact that many animals which are naturally dumb, in the widest sense of the word, are possessed of a power of producing sounds, by the use of some external organ or foreign instrument, that forms a very convenient substitute for a natural tongue. I have observed this of the goat-chaser, which, whenever taken, utters a shrill shriek of fright, by rubbing its chest against its wing-shells and the upper part of its abdomen; and of the death-watch, that produces its measured, and, to the superstitious, alarming strokes, by striking its horny frontlet against the bedpost, or any other hard substance in which it takes its stand. The tick-watch is an insect of a different order, but armed with a similar apparatus, and makes a noise by the same means, like the ticking of a watch, from the old wood or decayed furniture in which it resides. And it is a singular circumstance, which I shall merely glance at in passing, that some species of the woodpecker, in the breeding-season, in consequence of the feebleness of its natural voice, makes use of a similar kind of call, by strong reiterated strokes of the bill against a dead sonorous branch of a tree. The most astonishing instance, however, of sound excited in this manner, is that made by two species of Italian grasshoppers—the *Cicada plebeja* and *C. orni*. The music of these insects, which is confined to the male, is produced by a singular apparatus, that consists of several winding cells under the body, separated by different membranes, and opening externally by two narrow valves. In the centre of these cells is contained a scaly sonorous triangle, and exterior to them are two vigorous muscles, by the action of which the cells are supplied with air through one of the valves, and so powerfully reverberate it against

the triangle, as to produce the notes of which the grasshopper's song consists, and which is so loud, that a single insect hung in a cage has almost drowned the voices of a large company.—*John Mason Good.*

SUN-FISH OR BASKING SHARK.—Some twenty-five years since, the capture of this valuable fish was prosecuted very successfully from Innis Boffin and the vicinity of Westport, at which town, as well as Newport, there were works erected for frying out the oil. About that date, as much as five pipes of oil of 120 gallons were received by one Dublin house alone per season. It has much decreased of late years, which is attributable rather to the decline of the means of pursuit than to the absence of the fish, as it is seen every year in large numbers on the distant banks, and occasionally close to the shore, in packs of twenty-five or thirty, in very fine weather. There were four taken at Galway this year, and many were seen in the vicinity of the Arran Islands. The average size is about 25 feet long by 18 feet in circumference in the largest part, the shape resembling a shark. The liver has hitherto been considered the only valuable part, averaging thirty hundredweights, and containing about 180 gallons of fine oil, second only to sperm, and sells from 4s. to 5s. per gallon. The carcass, which may be estimated at from four to five tons, is of a gelatinous character, consequently of great value: it is now thrown away as useless. Neither skill nor courage is required in the capture; it being of a sluggish nature, and literally presenting its most vulnerable part to the harpoon.—*Symonds's Observations on the Fisheries of the West Coast of Ireland.*

From The Economist, 6 Oct.

THE TRUE PEACE PARTY.

In another article we have pointed out indications of an incipient intrigue to wrest from the country the fruits of its hard-won victory by a combination between such of the regular opposition as follow Mr. Disraeli and such of the occupants of the cross benches as obey the impulses of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright, for the purpose of urging the Government into premature negotiations. We have now to explain how little really pacific is the policy which these singular allies would recommend.

We are as truly members of the Peace Party as the honorable representative of Manchester or any of his colleagues — nay, much more so. We have depicted the horrors and the mischiefs of war as earnestly and nearly as often. We have denounced the unequalled sin of unjust or unnecessary wars as sternly as Mr. Bright. We have calculated the cost of strife even more closely, and estimated it at a yet higher figure. We, like him, are advocates for peace. Nay we, like him, are advocates for "peace at any price;" — only we are anxious to have the article we bargain for; while he, as it appears to us, is either indifferent to this, or blind as to the true means of obtaining it. Our ground of quarrel with him and his friends — the discrepancy between their views and ours — lies here: that we insist upon the substance, while they would rest satisfied with the shadow; we long for a reality — they would put up with the hollow hush-money of a sham; we want solid and enduring rest — they aspire only to a temporary breathing-time and a delusive lull. In fact, the title they claim — that of the Peace Party — is an arrogant misnomer, to which we utterly deny their right. They are not advocates of PEACE at all; they are simply thirsty idolaters of a brief, armed, uneasy, unsound, and worthless TRUCE — a truce which could not last, because it would be based upon no natural arrangements, and would include no self-supporting force.

What did we go to war for? Was it to punish an adversary or to secure a peace? Did we undertake it to show our courage and appease our honor, or to protect the menaced and to beat back and disarm the aggressor? Did we "go out," like pseudo duellists, to exchange shots, declare ourselves satisfied, and go home to breakfast? If we did, we were great sinners and greater fools. Or did we commence hostilities, tardily and reluctantly, not to extort an apology, but to obtain a guarantee? If we did, how can we dream that we have accomplished our task, when that guarantee is as far off as ever, and only a diplomatic parchment is offered in its place? In a word, have we been fighting for the cap-

ture of Sebastopol, or for that permanent "and material" security to which the possession of Sebastopol is only the stepping-stone and the means? Did we fight for shadowy glory, or for real safety and enduring peace? Do we wish for victory merely, or for those solid fruits of victory without which victory by itself is only a costly and blood-stained laurel?

Mr. Bright and his friends may be satisfied with words. The nation will require some better equivalent for their expenditure and their exertions. We don't want rest, we don't want a pause, we don't want an armistice — we want a PEACE. We don't want a cessation of hostilities: — we want a termination of them. Now, is there any man, capable in the slightest degree of calculating probabilities and estimating causes, who can believe that, if we now make overtures to Russia or show any anxiety to receive them, we shall obtain a peace which will endure one instant longer than it is the interest of Russia to observe it; — or that, if we hand back the Crimea to that power on any terms, we shall not even within the life-time of the present generation be called upon to do our work over again? It is because we desire peace with the whole thirsty longings of our soul — it is because we deprecate war as wasteful, because we loathe it as brutal, because we detest it as sinful, and above all because as economists we especially shrink from feeling that its renewal is perpetually hanging over us, — that we protest in the name of the country and with all our force against the suggestions of those parties who would patch up a hollow and delusive truce, — and dignify it with the name of peace.

We have not enlarged our terms with the progress and successes of our arms. We have not in one iota changed our estimate of the object for which the war was undertaken or of the means needed for securing that object. We demand now nothing which we did not always demand. We entirely agree with the *Press* and with Mr. Gladstone that we ought to consent to peace as soon as the purpose of the war has been accomplished. We only deny that that purpose has been accomplished by the capture of Sebastopol. All which that great feat has achieved is to place in our hands the means of accomplishing that purpose, if we choose to use those means. The parties to whom we refer speak as if the reduction of the great Muscovite arsenal was in itself the object of the war, and not merely one of the operations, perhaps the most important, by which that object might be sought.

What was the object avowed very early in the day by our Government as that which they proposed to themselves when they entered on this strife, — and the magnitude and imperative importance of which they held to jus-

tify the having recourse to so severe and grave a measure? We do not say what were the terms they spoke of asking, but what was the *object* they spoke of attaining? Was it not the rescue of Turkey from the position in which she then was, of being perpetually menaced by Russian ambition, overawed by Russian supremacy, disturbed by Russian intrigues,—of lying, as it were, every day and every hour *under the guns of Sebastopol!* Did not Lord John Russell say that Sebastopol in the Czar's hands was “a standing menace” to Turkey? And did not the whole country hail those words as about the first plain out-spoken utterance which rescued us from the feeble inanity of diplomatic phraseology? What did we officially proclaim as the aim and justification of our course? Was it not to secure “the independence and integrity of the Ottoman Empire?” And who does not feel that the possession of the Crimea by Russia gives her the command of the Black Sea, and that her command of the Black Sea is incompatible with the “independence and integrity” of Turkey—makes the second a hazard and the first a sham—enables Russia at her pleasure to undermine the one and to choose her own time for assailing the other? Again, was it not our design and our desire—a purpose early expressed, and forced upon us by the unveiled and almost avowed policy of aggression so ceaselessly and pertinaciously pursued by the colossal despot of the North—to put a stop to that course of encroachment and aggrandizement which made him a peril and a plague to Europe,—to tie his hands, to forbid his future? And did we really dream that we could do this merely by destroying his ships, byrazing his fortifications, by burning his military stores—leaving him to build the first, to restore the second, to renew the third, on a grander scale and in a better style? Was it not the aggressive policy of Russia that drove us into the war? Was it not her aggressive tendencies that we designed to check? Was it not her aggressive power that we determined to diminish? And was not the possession of Sebastopol and the Crimea the special instrument—the mightiest weapon of aggression—which Russia owned? She needed that peninsula with its splendid harbor for no other purpose. She valued it for no other merit. She does not require it for defence; since no power would dream of assailing her Euxine coasts unless driven to do so in retaliation. It is because Sebastopol is such a critical and commanding position, *because* it is at once a symbol, an earnest, an instrument of domination, *because* it is “a standing menace” to Turkey

and a standing announcement of Muscovite supremacy to Asia, that Russia clings to it so passionately, and it is precisely for all these reasons that it must never be restored to her again.

No! Give us the objects for which war was declared—give us the prospect of a peace that would not contain within its terms the germs and occasions of future, of certain, and of speedy war—and we will jump at it as eagerly as any one;—as earnestly as Mr. Bright—far more sincerely than the inspirers of the *Press*. Give us the freedom of the Danube-navigation well secured; give us the liberation of the Principalities from the equal curse of Russian or Austrian occupation, and the establishment of a decent and guaranteed government therein;—give us Turkey really rescued, not briefly respite, from the strangling grasp of her self-constituted “heir;”—give us the Caucasus as the Southern boundary of Russia;—give us, finally, some reasonable proof that Russia has abandoned her ancestral projects of inadmissible aggrandizement, or that she is incapacitated from pursuing them;—give us, in a word, any real security, any decent probability even, that we shall not be dragged into a fresh war at the first conjuncture which is convenient to our enemy and inconvenient to ourselves,—and none would be more anxious than ourselves to see preliminaries signed to-day. Those who would be satisfied with anything less than this, or with a mere futile appearance of this, we must hold to be either men who will not look facts in the face, or children who are silly enough to stop in the middle of a painful operation which yet they know must be completed on the morrow. Those who counsel us to give back in the foolish magnanimity of victory the substantial gain for which that victory was won, we cannot but consider to be as real traitors to their country as any who ever sold her to a foreign foe. Those who fancy that Russia has as yet sufficiently realized her own defeat, or is sufficiently convinced of the stern and persistent resolution of the Allies, to offer such terms as alone we could prudently or decently accept, must be, to say the least, unwarrantably and extravagantly sanguine. Those who, in order to facilitate their own recovery of office, would further a hollow compromise on any terms less righteous and less clear than those we have sketched out, are politicians whose principles we do not care to characterize,—but who assuredly will find that in taking a tortuous and miry, they have taken a mistaken, path to power.

EOLOPEOSIS, American Rejected Addresses, now first published from the original manuscripts. Boston : Phillips, Sampson & Co.

These are the addresses supposed to have been prepared for the opening of the Crystal Palace in New York, and are of course imitations of the manner of the writers whose initials they bear.—Some of these are very successful; if there is a fault, it is that the parodies are so long. The writer or writers who could do the work so well, should have known how to stop in time even as the sensible dinner leaves untouched the second plate of Marlborough pudding.

"Blouzelinda" is the title of a Poem by H. W. L. The story is an abridgment and caricature of Evangeline, and closes in the following manner:—

In the far North-west, on the utmost bounds of Nebraska—
Where nature is prodigal of gifts to all, that may ask her,
With every convenience to make its inhabitants feel right,
On the bank of a Lake stands the thriving city of Wheelwright,
It is well laid out, with streets at regular angles,
And a tall flag-staff displays the stripes and the spangles.
It has mines and springs, and of water powers any number,
And saw-mills that toil day and night to cut up the lumber;
With a future hotel, of which you perceive the foundation,
Capacious enough to take in the next generation;
With a spirited press that sends forth a weekly newspaper,
And six railroads chartered all by the last legislature.
With red-cheeked children running round rough, ragged and frisky,
And red-faced Indians, that barter coon-skins for whiskey.
Outside of the town, in the rural new cemetery,—
Which was laid out some months before there were people to bury—
Are seen two graves of exactly equal dimensions, (Showing here at least, that the grave permits no dissensions;) And a broad slate stone, procured it would seem by subscription,
Spans both turfs at once, with the subjoined touching inscription:—
The grateful citizens, wishing always to deal right,
Have raised this stone to their pioneers S. and B. Wheelwright.

pp. 45, 46, 47.

The Spirit Rappers to their mediums by J. R. L. is spirited and witty, but is too long; Job, Julius Caesar, Richard III, Torquemada, Robert Stephenson, John Gilpin, Warren Hastings, Talleyrand, Don Quixote, Benedict Arnold, Franklin and others are called up, and reply sensibly and characteristically to the questions put.

Franklin, after enlarging upon the modern improvements of various kinds, says:—

I went for improvement, when firm on my legs: But there's reason you know in the roasting of eggs,

And I cannot quite follow the creed you esteem That the chief end of man is to keep up the steam, So I draw from the whole the conclusion it brings, There's a great deal too much of a great many things.

There are too many mills both of cotton and woolen,

There are too many stocks to entrap a green fool in;

You have too many railroads—if this you should doubt—

Ask those that are in, how they'd like to get out. You have too many ships, and you've too many banks,

And too many landsharks at work with their pranks;

You have cities on paper, beyond what are proper, And too many mines of gold, iron and copper. You have too many silks—more than prudence requires,

Which poor Richard has told you put out kitchen fires;

You have far too much money, and that makes the trouble, Though your shirt may cost less, yet your dinner costs double.

You obtain too much credit; for he who goes borrowing,

Poor Richard says also, will find he goes sorrowing.

You have too many presses, and type loads of trash,

Which inundate the country with poor balderdash,

And render it hard to decide in a verse

Whether printing be most of a blessing or curse;

You have too many stumps that uphold agitators,

Reformers and rogues, politicians and traitors.

pp. 115, 116, 117.

Some of the other imitations are very good, and the reader will find amusement in turning over the leaves of the volume.—*Daily Advertiser.*

MR. GORDON CUMMING'S DIORAMA OF AFRICAN WILD SPORTS.—A brief mention of Mr. Cumming's "Exhibition" may perhaps be permitted in this place, since it is little more than a selection of the incidents told in Mr. Cumming's book on Wild Sports in Africa, illustrated by landscape and animal pieces painted on a large scale (the painters are Mr. Haag, Mr. Phillips, Mr. Leach, Mr. Harrison Weir, and other known artists), exhibited with dioramic effects, and accompanied by the *viva voce* description of the veritable sportsman himself. Mr. Cumming's formidable theme is farther illustrated by an extraordinary collection of skins, horns, and skulls, the *spolia opima* of his wanderings; in the midst of which lionine and other trophies the lion-killer delivers his lecture, in a manner not at all calculated, we must say, to confirm any truculent impression which his book may have conveyed to its readers. The wild sportsman appears to be a very mild and gentlemanly kind of man, and his narrative is less exciting than a less real storyteller might have made it. But the artists

make up for any deficiency on the startling side, and present certainly a series of very uncommon beasts in anything but common situations. The *Times* critic anticipates, therefore, and we dare say with perfect truth, that—

"The entertainment is of a character which must prove interesting to all and instructive to many. Mr. Cumming relates with extraordinary gusto his adventures with the sublime monarch of the forest and with other gigantic beasts of prey. He speaks, for instance, of certain lions which were well known to all the native population as 'men-eaters'; but, he adds, that he was equally known as a 'lion-killer,' and therefore he felt it his duty to search after these scourges of the natives. He speaks of his 'good fortune,' while hunting in the Carpathians, in meeting with a wild boar of immense stature; and tells you coolly, in a subsequent part of the entertainment, and quite *par parenthèse* as it were, 'this was about the 50th lion I had killed; you will see his skin, No. so-and-so, about three yards from your right as you enter.' One of his best stories is an explanation of illustration No. 10, descriptive of a nocturnal encounter with wild dogs; but altogether his tales are so full of stirring incident and life, though so fatal to the quadruped inhabitants of the sterile regions of southern Africa, that they cannot fail to interest and amuse.—*Examiner.*

ANOTHER LADY SCULPTOR.

A special friend has requested the publication of the following tribute to a lady artist, to us personally unknown.—*Conn. Advertiser.*

"It is with no little pride and pleasure, as a lover of art, that we notice in the list of passengers, to leave in the Baltic, to-morrow, the name of Miss Lander, of Salem, who is *en route* for Italy, in order to perfect himself in the most glorious of arts. She has already overcome obstacles of magnitude, and we hope her health will prove adequate to the laborious task she has imposed upon herself, and that her noble enterprise will be crowned with success. From our own observation, we should judge this lady to have attained great proficiency in her art, and our opinion is fully justified by the following notice, written near the field of her labors, and published in the *Boston Transcript*—

"While all eyes turn to Rome seeking there to gratify their tastes in the *chef-d'œuvres* of even modern art, while all lips move to chant the praises of those artists of whom we are justly proud—of our Powers, Crawford and Rogers there; while Greenough and Billings receive their well earned homage *here*; we would call the attention of the lovers of art to a young lady sculptor of marked genius. Miss Louisa Lander, of this state, has recently completed an ideal head of the water-nymph, Galatea. It was designed and modelled without aid or instruction of any kind. It has not yet been put into marble, but in spite of the dead mortar, the living conception appears beautifully simple, harmonious and in perfect proportions to all eyes. Upon close examination we pronounce this to be a re-

markable first effort. The artist has chosen the moment when Galatea droops with grief for the loss of her lover, Acis, whom the cyclops, filled with jealousy, have just destroyed. The face overflows with grief, and we almost expect to see the tears come from under the drooping lids. Galatea being a water nymph, the artist has most appropriately confined her hair with a fisher's net and concealed the bust about with long willowy flag leaves.

Miss Lander has also just completed her first work in marble. It is a fine likeness of her father, and beautifully executed. She neither possessed nor knew of the ordinary implements in use, but employing such tools as she supposed might be adapted to her purpose has thus succeeded in the production of a work so creditable.

With a soul full of the true love and aspirations for her art, and a self-sacrificing devotion to it—with an enthusiasm almost beyond her strength—we not only hope for but are sure of her taking a high place among her fellow sculptors when the facilities for the execution and pursuit of art are laid open to her eager soul and skillful hand in Italy, whither, we are glad to learn, she is about to go. We can only express our hope that those who deem such purposes worthy of encouragement will determine whether some patronage might not have a generous influence upon the noble studies of a young countrywoman in a foreign land.

THE MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE.—A short poem—one of the many which Frances Browne has contributed to the pages of the 'Athenæum' (Living Age No. 594.) "Is it come," having attracted the attention of the Marquis of Lansdowne, his lordship applied to the editor for some information regarding its author. On learning the difficulties which have so long beset her, the noble marquis, with that large-heartedness and true love of letters which have always distinguished him from the common wearers of coronets, requested the editor to say that he would be happy to place 100*l.* at Miss Browne's disposal; and it gratifies us to add that this generous tribute to unfriended genius was accepted in the spirit in which it was offered.

MOVEMENT OF A GLACIER.—Assuming, roughly, the length of a glacier to be twenty miles, and the velocity of its progression (*assumed uniform*) one-tenth of a mile, or 500 feet, the block which is *now* being discharged from its surface on the terminal moraine may have started from its rock origin in the reign of Charles I! The glacier history of 200 years is revealed in the interval; and a block, ten times the volume of the greatest of the Egyptian monoliths, which has just commenced its march, will see out the course of six generations of men ere its pilgrimage too be accomplished, and it is laid low and motionless in the common grave of its predecessors.—*From Forbes's Tour of Mont Blanc.*